

VOL V

TEN-CENTS-A-COPY.

No 122

Dr. France.

THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

June 11, 1884.



Lalanne

*Havison quartier de Vitre
(Ile de France)*

CONDUCTED BY

ALBION W. TOURGÉE

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

NEW-YORK 25 CLINTON-PLACE



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FORTHCOMING NUMBERS OF THE CONTINENT.

The next number of THE CONTINENT will contain the opening chapters of a serial story, whose title, "**On A Margin—The Story of a Hopeless Patriot**," suggests that its plot is not altogether disconnected with Wall Street. A brief account of the somewhat singular manner in which the manuscript came into the possession of THE CONTINENT will be found on page 759 of the present number. The author, for reasons which are good and sufficient, remains for the present anonymous; but it must be evident to every reader that he is a keen observer of affairs in which he has taken an active part. In the same number will be a richly illustrated sketch of **Queen Louise of Prussia**, whose noble and romantic life covered some of the most eventful periods of European History.

The **Too True for Fiction** series, which is exciting a widespread interest, and stimulating an active competition for the various prizes offered, will be continued. Rules governing the competition will be found on page 743 of the present number.

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TENANTS OF 'AN OLD FARM.

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

THE subject of two of our most interesting conversations—the Music of Insects—was introduced by a casual discussion between Sarah, Hugh and Dan. The autumn air, ever since our advent to the old farm, had been full of the shrilling of crickets, and the noisy vocalization of katydids. As the fall advanced the notes grew fewer and fainter. Silence fell upon the air after the light, early frosts, which was broken once

more when the returning warmth of October's mellow suns allured the insects from their refuge in holes, under stones and in crevices of trees. The call of the katy-did at last ceased; the crickets creaked on through the dreamy haze of



THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

Indian summer, then fell into silence over all the fields, leaving only here and there a fortunate adventurer to push his way into human habitations, and from the shelter of friendly wall-crannies or the warmth of a log-fire figure with his monotonous chirrup as the "Cricket on the Hearth."

One evening Hugh and Dan were sitting on the bench beside the back-kitchen door, smoking their pipes and exchanging views upon the merits and demerits of insects of various sorts. One of the pleasant results of our conversations has been to supply our regular and occasional workmen with a theme for intelligent discussion. We have been surprised—as they themselves have been—to see how much they have been stimulated to observe the natural objects and phenomena which continually fall in their way. Before this fall these had been nearly disregarded, or passed with a careless eye, and usually with a wrong idea of their nature and relations. Now, everything about the farm, especially of an insect-kind, is sharply scrutinized. These observations are compared and canvassed



among themselves, and often referred to me for decision and further information.

We congratulate ourselves on this result, because whatever quickens the intellectual life of working people, or induces them to close and careful observation of matters around them, and deepens their interest in the world through which they move, goes very far to raise the quality of the laborers and enhance the value of their service. Certainly, this is an incidental result; one, indeed, that we had not counted much upon; but the fact that the happiness and intelligence of my humble friends have thus been promoted has been a strong stimulus to me to persist in my course.

One of these discussions was in full progress between Hugh and Dan on the evening to which I allude. Sarah was busy at the kitchen table that stood by the open window just above the bench on which the men sat, and so could join in the conversation without interrupting her work. A lull in the talk gave her an opportunity to change the subject to one on which she evidently had strong views—crickets. She took her stand on the kitchen stoop, for better effect in uttering her opinion, and with hands (one of which grasped the dish-towel) resting in a favorite attitude upon her hips, she began:

"It's all werry well to talk about the peert habits an' sich uv them critters, but ther's one insect that I hain't no use fer no how, and thet's the cricket."

"W'y, w'at's the matter 'th the cricket?" asked Hugh.

"Its eternal creak, creak, cree-eeek! That's w'at's the matter! I can't abide it. 'T seemed to me that ther wus a dozen uv 'em in my room last night, an' I never closed my eyes a blessed minit fer the noise they made. Tho', fer thet matter, I reckon ther' wan't more'n one atter all. But, lawsamassy! w'at a cree-cree-cree-in' it did keep up!"

The cook bent forward, and made such an odd, emphatic, and indignant imitation of the cricket's chirrup that the men laughed aloud.

"Oh, yes; it's mighty nice fer folks as sleeps like posts 'n pillars to laugh at others, but if you wus as restless o' nights as I am, an' 'ad been robbed uv a whole blessed night's sleep, ye'd laugh on t'other side uv your mouths, I kin tell you."

Sarah was notoriously a sound sleeper, but that fact didn't prevent her from indulging an infatuation which has fallen upon many wiser people, of lengthening a few wakeful moments into as many hours. It is curious how people lose the power of computing time in the dark!

"But that isn't the wust o' crickets—ther noise ain't," continued Sarah. "I'd most as lief hear a hoot-owl ur a whip-poor-will under my windy a-nights as hev a cricket a-creak-creakin' in my room. It's an omen uv death to some one uv the family, ur some near relation, and it jest sets me all uv a chill to hear 'em. I'd like to kill the whole nasty, coffin-creakin' brood! Thet's my opinion about crickets!"

"Well, Sarah!" said Hugh, puffing a cloud of smoke into the air, "if that is so, I guess there mus' be an awful mortality goin' on purty stiddy among folks's relations in these parts, fer I never know'd a fall around here that the crickets didn't holler like the nation. W'y the fields's full uv 'em, and some uv 'em alluz manage to creep in doors. Now, fer my part, I alluz heerd tell that the cricket was rather lucky'n otherwise."

"So't is, Sary Ann, so't is," said Dan. "Yo's all out dar 'bout de crickets."

"W'at do you know about crickets, I'd like to know?" exclaimed Sarah, evidently scenting a controversy.

"I knows a heap, Sary Ann—a heap!" was the rejoinder.

The old man took a deep whiff of tobacco, then folded his arms over his knees, lowered his body upon his arms, and shutting his eyes, dropped into a droning, subdued tone, as though he were speaking to some one in the air.

"W'en I was a pickaninny," he said, "not mo'n knee high to a duck in ole Marylan', my mammy—a Virginny woman she wuz—wunst cought me killin' a cricket. I kin see des's plain's day de awful look on 'er face es she grabbed me, en signed de cross ober me, en den shuk me tel I farly chatter'd."

"Doan ye nebber do dat agen, chile," she said. She wuz so skeered that she panted fer breafe, and could scarcely speak a word. "I know ye done it widout a-thinkin', but it's awful wrong to kill crickets, 'spec'ly dem as's in dohs. Dey's de sperits uv ole folks, honey!" She drapped her bref en spoke'n a whisper 'et farly made my blood run cold. 'Dat's w'at dey is, chile—ole folkses w'ats dead'n gone, en done come back to sit in dar ole co'ner by de kitchen hearth. Dey hadn't otter be harmed, en woe's dem w'at kills 'em.' Dat's jes w'at she said, en I 'member it es though it happened yestahday."

Dan slowly raised himself, took a deep, long pull at his pipe, then closing his eyes, again resumed in a low, solemn tone: "Dat—bery winter—my mammy died! an' to make t'ings wus—'n-wus, de nex' summer ole Mars sot all his niggers free, 'en we uns uz moved up hyar inter Pennsylvany. It allus 'peared to me, ahter dat, ez dough I wuz 'sponsible somehow fer po' mammy's def, en fer hevin' to leave ole Marylan', too. I's been back dar sence, but my ole 'oman she wouldn't stay; but dar's no kentry like a-dat. Dat's w'y I says, Sary Ann, et I knows a heap about crickets. An' I does, I kin tell ye!"

Sarah was silenced. She was so keenly sensitive to the class of emotions that Dan's tale was calculated to stir up, that she sat down upon the stoop quite subdued. Hugh Bond, however, was not much given to superstition. He had, indeed, imbibed some of the notions current among his class, but held them in a very superficial way, more as an indifferent habit of thought than with any sincerity of faith. Dan's story, therefore, made no serious impression upon him. Indeed he was rather amused by the manner of his old companion, and the effect of his tale upon Sarah. At last he broke the silence:

"Well, Dan, that's certainly a solemn account of things. But, accordin' to my mind, you hain't made out a very clear case agin the crickets. It looks to me about as broad's long, an' a leetle more so. If the crickets wuz responsible fer affairs at all, the loss uv your mammy is purty well balanced by the frein' uv all your master's slaves. You don't 'pear to reckon much on that, I 'low; but, I rether 'spect thet you wouldn't find many uv the party to agree with you; an' I 'magine you'd sing another tune yourself ef you'd had to take the changes and chances uv a slave's life."

"I remember hearin' somethin' uv this talk about crickets w'en I was a boy, but as I recollect it was kind of betwixt an' between your notion and Sarah's. It was about like this: If crickets has been livin' in a house fer a long time, an' then up an' leaves uv a sudden, it's a sign that some evil 'll befall the family, p'raps the death uv some member. But then, on the

contrary, the return uv these inseccks after they've been absent is a sign uv good luck; in fac', I allus heerd that the very presence uv crickets wuz counted lucky.

"But, the way I look at it, there's a heap o' humbug



BLACK CRICKETS, FROM NATURE, REDUCED ONE-FOURTH.

about the whole thing, not to call it wus'n that. Now, jist think a minit. Here we are, callin' ourselves Christian folks, an' believin' in a Providence thet rules the world. An' yit we sit down an' talk uv the Father Almighty Ruler uv Heav'n an' earth turnin' roun' and killin' off a poor ole woman all along uv an innocent baby killin' a cricket. Fer my part I hain't no notion that the Lord consults crickets ur any other sort uv bug about the government uv human bein's. But supposin' we ax Mr. Mayfield about this matter. He's chock full uv all kin's uv insecck learnin', an' 'll straighten it out fer us."

So it came about that the crickets were made the subject of an evening's conversation, and the topic broadened out into "Insect Music." Fortunately, Dr. Goodman had an engagement to preach and conduct a children's service in the "Blue Church," a free place for public religious service in our neighborhood, and as he was to be our guest, drove over Saturday afternoon, and was thus present at our evening conversation.

"Without stopping at present," I began, "to settle the points raised concerning the popular notions about crickets, I would like you first of all to know something about the natural history of the insects themselves. They belong to the sub-order Orthoptera, which may be briefly characterized as having free biting-mouth parts, with highly developed organs of nutrition and digestion. The first pair of wings are somewhat thickened to protect the broad net-veined hinder pair which fold up like a fan upon the abdomen, and the hind legs are large and adapted for leaping. The larvæ and pupæ are both active, and closely resemble the imago or perfect insect. All the species are terrestrial, having no qualifications for water life, and the most typical forms have remarkable powers of flight besides leaping powerfully. The grasshopper is the type of the group, and some of its best-known forms are the crickets, grasshoppers, locusts, mole-crickets, katy-dids, cockroaches, walking-sticks or spectres, and mantis or soothsayers."

"Why are these insects called Orthoptera?" asked Abby.

"The word is composed of two Greek words—*orthos*,

straight, and *pteron*, a wing. The Doctor is quite familiar with the first of these in the theological compound—orthodoxy. The name 'straight wings' is given because their wings, when not in use, are folded lengthwise in narrow plaits like a fan, and are laid straight along the top or sides of the back. You will notice this by looking at these prepared specimens, which I have brought for our use this evening. We have several species, natives of our section, representing three genera, and besides these the common European house-cricket (*Gryllus domesticus*), which has figured so largely in song, story, and superstition, has been imported and domesticated in some parts of the country. These differ quite widely in their habits, some being solitary, some social, some dwelling in the ground, some living upon trees, some nocturnal, others loving the day.

"The story of their development is about as follows: Most of them deposit their numerous eggs in the ground, making holes for their reception with the long spear-pointed piercers with which the females are provided for this purpose. The eggs are laid in the autumn, and do not appear to be hatched until the following summer. One of our species, the White Climbing Cricket (*Ecanthus niveus*), differs from her sisters in egg-placing (ovipositing). She makes several perforations in the tender stems of plants, and in each puncture thrusts two eggs quite to the pith. These are hatched about midsummer, and the young immediately issue from their nests and conceal themselves among the thickest foliage of the plant. This kind of cricket inhabits the stems and branches of shrubs and trees, concealing itself in the day time among the leaves or in the flowers. It is to this habit that the generic name



WHITE CRICKETS, FROM NATURE, REDUCED ONE-THIRD.

is due (*Ecanthus*), a word which means inhabiting flowers.

"After hatching, the young crickets, in common with all the Orthoptera, very closely resemble the adult insects in form, and differ from them chiefly in wanting

wings. They move about and feed precisely like their parents, but moult or change their skins repeatedly before they come to their full size. This corresponds to the grub or larval stage in other insects.

"The next stage is also quite different from that of moths, butterflies, and beetles. Those insects, you have already learned, pass into a state of inactivity and rest, in which they lose the grub-like or larval form which they had when hatched from the egg, and become the pupa or crýsalis. This resembles a little more nearly in the mature form, but is soft, whitish, and with the undeveloped wings and legs incased in a thin, transparent skin, which impedes all motion."

"Do we understand you to say," asked the Doctor, "that the cricket does not pass through the crýsalis stage?"

"Precisely. On the contrary, in the pupa state crickets do not differ from the young and from the old insects, except in having the rudiments of wings and wing-covers projecting, like little scales, from the back near the thorax."

"And is that the case with all the Orthoptera?"

"Yes; grasshoppers, katy-dids, locusts, and all the rest have the same peculiarity in their development. These Orthopterous pupæ are active and voracious, and increase greatly in size, which is not the case with insects that are subject to a complete transformation, for such never eat or grow in a pupa state. When fully grown the Orthoptera cast off their skins for the sixth or last time, and then appear in the adult or perfect state, fully provided with all their members, with the exception of a few kinds, which remain wingless. In fact, the slight changes which crickets and all the Orthoptera undergo in their progress to maturity are nothing more than a successive series of moultings, during which their wings are gradually developed."

"I have seen it stated," said Abby, "that we have no house-crickets in America. And indeed I cannot remember ever to have heard them in-doors in my native State, Massachusetts."

"Dar's plenty uv em in ole Marylan', 'tany rate," observed Dan; "dat am a fac', I shore yo'—fel'-crickets en house-crickets, too. En es to bein' hyar in Pennsylvany, jes yo' ax Sary Ann dar! W'y deys lots o' 'em in dis hyar ole place!"

"Yes, and there is nothing better known to the country people of our border states than the 'Cricket on the Hearth,'" I remarked. "I have often met them in the West inhabiting chimney-places and first-floor apartments of dwellings. My experience of old Pennsylvania houses in autumn is not very extensive, but I have met them here, and know certainly that they abound."

"I have never passed a winter," said the Doctor, "without hearing their music in our manse, and I have often heard it in my various preaching tours while domiciled in country hotels and houses."

"Hark!" cried the Mistress, springing to her feet. The suddenness of the movement and the sharpness of the exclamation startled us all into silence. Every eye was turned wonderingly upon the Mistress, who stood erect in the ruddy glow of the hickory-wood fire, pointing with one arm toward the upper corner of the chimney.

"Crick-err-rr-ick!—rr-r-ick!"

The silence was broken by a shrill, creaking note issuing apparently from a pot of artificial flowers that stood one side of the broad stone mantle-piece.

It was the "Cricket on the Hearth!"

A merry laugh and a hearty round of applause from clapping hands greeted the advent of the little musi-

cian whose timely note had now settled the question which the Schoolma'am had raised.

Old Dan looked up from his low perch, and rolled his eyes and rocked his body in ecstasy. "Dar it be, dar it be!" he exclaimed. "Dar's good luck shore to de noo family in de ole house. De sperits uv de ole folks hes come back, en dar's a blessin in it! Hi, yi! Ho, ho, ho!"

Dan's speech awoke a fresh burst of merriment, in the midst of which Aunt Hannah's reproving voice was heard: "Daniel, Daniel! thee is too provoking with thy childish superstitions. Thee has been taught better than that by the good Friends who once sat by this hearth-stone, and whose spirits are in a Better Home or they would surely grieve over thy folly."

"Well, Aunt Hannah," I said, interrupting the silence which this remark had caused, "we musn't be too hard upon Dan. You know the proverb, 'It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks.' At all events we are much obliged to our little friend in the chimney corner for this very remarkable and timely contribution to our conversation. For my part I shall accept it as a good omen, without endorsing Dan's peculiar notion as to 'sperits.'"

Aunt Hannah shook her head soberly; but the Mistress looked up with a happy and approving glance, and I turned once more to our subject.

"Crickets are, for the most part, nocturnal and solitary insects. That is, they live alone, concealing themselves by day and come from their retreats to seek their food and their mates by night. They sit at the doors of their caves and chirrup away for hours together. The hearth-cricket belongs to this class. Our common species is the short winged *Gryllus* (*Gryllus abbreviatus* Sesville), which is about three-quarters of an inch long, of a black color, with a brownish tinge at the base of the wing-cover, which is sometimes wanting in the male; the Black Cricket, or Pennsylvania *Gryllus* (*Gryllus Pennsylvanicus* Burmeister), which is quite black, and measures six-tenths of an inch in length; and *Gryllus Neglectus* Scudder, which differs from the last-named by having a shorter ovipositor.

"Then there are the field-crickets. Besides the white climbing cricket (*Ecanthus*), which I have mentioned, there is a wingless species (*Nemobius vittatus*), the Striped Cricket. It is very small, about four-tenths of an inch long, and varies in color from dusky brown to rusty black. This is a social species whose individuals associate in great swarms, feed in common, frequent our meadows and road-sides, and so far from shunning daylight, seem to be as fond of it as other crickets are of darkness.

"Now we are ready to consider how and why the crickets make their music. The old insects, for the most part, die on the approach of cold weather; but a few survive the winter by sheltering themselves under stones, or in holes secure from the access of water. Of these are the solitary stragglers who make their way into our houses, and warmed up by the genial fire to some dim suggestion of summer, are awakened into a sense of their forlorn estate, and creak out their loneliness to some imagined mate. The same sounds are heard over all our fields, and almost without cessation from twilight to dawn during our autumn months. There is no music in summer, for pairing does not begin until fall, and the cricket's music is a love-call. It is the male's signal to his mate, and if ever there was a persistent, vociferous and self-satisfied serenader it is he."

"Do you tell us that the female doesn't sing?" asked Abby, with some surprise.

"Neither males nor females *sing*, for the insects have no vocal organs. But the gift of music, such as it is, is bestowed upon the male alone. Whether Madam Cricket is a loser thereby may be doubted, but the human species is the gainer; for, if Nature had endowed both sexes with the power of shrilling, the night discords would have been scarcely bearable."

"Does that fact apply to all Orthoptera?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes, grasshoppers, katy-dids and locusts all keep their music-making among the males."

"What a strange contrast with the human family!" said Penn. "With us now the sweetest singers are always of the fairer sex."

"Are you quite sure of that?" suggested the Doctor. "Is not that statement drawn from your courtesy rather than from the actual facts? If one were to follow the subject throughout the various races of men, or even trace it among civilized nations, it might be found that at least the chief music-makers of our own species are of the male sex. Certainly, it cannot be questioned that the great masters of music are and have been men. In the more perfect and complex organization of mankind it is a matter of course that the song-gift should be largely shared by the female; but the primitive order of Nature, as Mr. Mayfield has shown it to us, in the male insects is probably so far preserved as to give man superiority over woman as a music-making creature—a superiority which is most unquestionable in the matter of instrumental music. It occurs to me, however, that there is here an analogy even more curious and striking. It is remarkable that among mankind also music has ever found and still finds one of her widest spheres of use in affairs of the heart. It is the natural expression of the deepest passion that men as well as insects know—love. The soul of music is emotion, and the profound passions of love, religion, and joy of victory have ever been voiced in rhythmic speech and melodious notes."

"I have been thinking," observed Penn, apparently addressing himself to his mother, "that if music has such a noble origin and use in nature as to utter the love of one creature for another, the testimony which

our people—the Friends—bear against it might well be reviewed."

"Our people," answered Aunt Hannah, "bore their testimony chiefly against the unspiritual and carnal use of music in the worship of God, and I do not perceive that the world has ceased to have need for a clear testimony in that particular. Perhaps our fathers carried it

a little too far when they opposed the private use of music, but thee knows that human nature is apt to go to extremes, and the wise and good men of old chose to be at least on the safe side.

"I will not pretend to give an opinion upon the views of our learned friend the Doctor. They may be true, but I can say that I know people who have a very intense power of loving who have no music in their souls; and some who can sing to the fullest admiration of the world's people who are as shallow in their affectional natures as a babbling brook. Now, I wouldn't expect thee, Penn, if thee should ever fall in love, to vent thy feelings in a moonlight serenade, for thee knows thee can't tell 'Yankee Doodle' from 'Old Hundred,' or 'Home, Sweet Home' from 'Rosin the Bow.'"

Penn blushed deeply under this home thrust, while his mother continued: "And yet I know that thee has a very deep and tender nature. But all this is out of place, perhaps, and, if I am not mistaken, out of point, too. For what argument can one draw to any subject pertaining to music from

the discordant, ear-piercing creaking of a cricket? Quaker as I am, I would be sorry to dignify such noise by so high a title."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the Mistress, "don't say that! On the contrary, I love the cricket's chirrup, and think it very sweet music, indeed. But there is no accounting for tastes, and no reconciling them in this matter as in many others. What is music for one person is clamor and discord to another."

"Dat is jes so!" said Dan, who appeared to be much impressed by the last remark. "I was remarkin' dat t'other day wen some one sayed dar wahn't no music en a conk-shell. Now, fer my part, w'en I's hungry and tired wurkin en de harves' fiel' and Sary Ann comes out to de ba'n ya'd, an' blows dat conk uv hern fer dinna', an' de too-too-too! comes a rollin' over the fiel's,



THE CRICKET SERENADE.



DAN'S IDEAL CRICKET ON THE HEARTH—SARAH BLOWS THE CONCH SHELL FOR DINNER.

it seems to me dar's no music out ob Canaan et's sweet-ern dat. *Dat's de kin' ob cricket on de hearf dat suits my taste—jes' at dem times.*"

Sarah scarcely knew whether to receive as complimentary or the reverse Dan's comparison of herself and her conch-shell to an insect that she detested; but finally joined in the laugh which the conceit had occasioned.

By-the-way, this old-fashioned dinner-call which used to be popular among farmers' wives in early days in Pennsylvania, is one of Sarah's particular vanities. The conch is her own property, and she brought it with her to our service, pleading for its use at least when the workmen were afield. The oddity pleased the Mistress, and indeed we all now have a sort of pride

in Sarah's shell, which she sounds not only with thorough gusto but with the skill of a Triton. In my rambles I have often heard with high satisfaction its midday or evening notes, mellowed by distance and associated with home and good fare, echoing over the meadows and through the waving corn.

Sarah keeps it suspended upon a rustic bracket of oak-forks above the kitchen hearth, so that Dan's metaphor had a special appositeness which the family at least appreciated.

"Isn't it time for us to go back from our digression?" I suggested. "If you are quite satisfied with your philosophizing over the cricket's music, suppose we turn our attention to the question how the music is made."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXPECTATION.

OR wind or wave has kept from me
My longed-for ship that sails the sea,
But never yet has kissed the quay
Or touched the shore.

For its white sail I watch by day,
At night I dream it plows the bay,
Yet wake to find it still astray
Upon the flood.

I wonder much what wealth of gold
May be within its treasure-hold;
What gathered wares, of worth untold,
It hither brings.

'Twill weary at last
Of sailing so fast,
Of writing on clouds, with its papering mast,
The story of wind and of sea.

'Twill furl its worn sail
When billow and gale
No more can with fury its safety assail;
'Twill come with its treasures to me.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

TOO TRUE FOR FICTION.

"'Tis strange, but true; for Truth is always strange—
Stranger than Fiction."—BYRON.

THESE stories, published anonymously under the above general title, are by the following authors:

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ANNA K. GREENE,	E. P. ROE,	SARA ORNE JEWETT,
(Author of "The Leavenworth Case.")		A. W. TOURGÉE.

In addition to these, other equally well-known writers have promised to contribute, and all have cordially expressed their warm approval of this latest form of the literary conundrum. The series will contain twenty or more stories. The names of all those contributing will be published from time to time during the continuance of the series.

GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION.

One Thousand Dollars will be distributed equally amongst those who correctly name the authors of all the stories for this Grand Prize, the competition to be under the following conditions:

- 1.—Each person competing for this Prize must forward one year's subscription on or before the first day of July at the regular rate (\$4.00 a year), with a notification that he intends to compete.
- 2.—Upon receipt of such subscription and notification the name of the sender will be entered upon the list of competitors and an acknowledgment of the same will be mailed to the address given. All persons, whether subscribers or not, who may desire to engage in this competition and wish something to spur their inclination, will also be allowed to compete for the following prizes, under the conditions given below, and any one who has begun to compete for the lesser prizes may be transferred to the list of competitors for the Grand Prize by forwarding one NEW subscription as required above.
- 3.—The publishers of *THE CONTINENT* reserve the right to withdraw the privilege of competition in case one thousand competitors shall not have entered by the first of July.
- 4.—Competitors for this prize should mark all communications distinctly, "Grand Prize Competition."
- 5.—The competitors for this prize will be allowed three months from the date of publication in which to guess the authorship of each story.
- 6.—Within ten days after the receipt of the last guess (limit of time as in rule 5), the list of successful competitors will be made out and the money paid.

For other rules see below.

To ALL PERSONS, whether subscribers or not, the following offers are made:

- 1.—To any one who shall correctly guess the authorship of *ten* of the stories, we will send, post-paid, any one of Judge Tourgée's Novels, or any single volume of the "Our Continent Library."
- 2.—To any one who shall correctly guess the authorship of *twenty* of the tales in the series, we will send *THE CONTINENT* free for the year 1885.
- 3.—To every one who shall rightly guess the authorship of *all* the stories of the series, we will send *THE CONTINENT* for two years, beginning January 1st, 1885.

The conditions necessary to entitle one to enter this competition are:

- 1.—The name and address of the person desiring to compete shall be given with the first guess as to authorship.
- 2.—Each guess must be received within one month from the date of the number in which the story is published.
- 3.—All guesses must be sent on postal cards, for convenience in filing and assorting.

VII.

MISS BERESFORD'S MYSTERY.

THE London season was dying, and dying hard, in broiling, dusty July weather, when Mr. Walter Davenport walked into Charing Cross Station, purchased a ticket, and took his seat in the four o'clock train for St. Danes.

Davenport came of a good family, and but for an elder brother would have been Sir Walter Davenport. He had passed the last three months reading for the bar and doing the London season, and with the twofold strain he was quite wearied out. Yet he had enjoyed it, as only young men do enjoy such things. There had been staircase flirtations in Belgravia, and Bohemian champagne suppers with fair actresses, and there had been jolly bachelor parties, and there had been headaches as well, and sometimes a parched throat, and bores who would button-hole him when he would fain have been talking to fair women. Still, I repeat, on the whole he had enjoyed it well. Let him, for the joy of such things perisheth soon.

He was a handsome young fellow, and looked handsomer when feeling less weary. He had bright, dark eyes, thick curling hair, and an animated face, marred by a rather weak chin. His long, graceful hand indicated the pure old blood that ran through his veins.

He was on his way to visit the mother of the girl that, before long, he was to make Mrs. Davenport. Staircase flirtations, as I have said, had been his through the late months; eyes, dazzlingly beautiful, had interchanged significant looks with his; but never for one moment had his heart been diverted from the girl of his choice, and now, as the train rushed on its way with him, and passed fields already yellow with corn, his heart gave thanks to know that every minute was bringing him nearer to the one person in whom he found unfailing rest and refreshment. He craved for her just then as men on desert islands can crave for water, or people blistered by sunlight for shade. It was good to be going to her; good to think that in a short while dove-colored eyes would be looking into his; that a little lily-white hand would be enfolded in his own, and that a low, restful voice—a voice which seemed designed by nature to make sad, wounded hearts whole—would be giving him welcome. He had written to her many and many a time, but written words can never take the place of words spoken. He thought, as the train rushed on, how much they would have to chatter about.

At length St. Danes was reached. He had not sent

word of his coming, wishing to take his sweetheart by surprise, so that there was no one at the station to meet him.

He gave directions to have his portmanteau sent on to The Cedars, where Ursula March lived with her mother, he himself walking. St. Danes is one of the oldest towns in England. Once it had known the sea, and the wild sea nights, and had felt all through it the shock and shiver of great waves. Its oysters were famous in the old Roman days. It was one of the Cinque Ports hymned by Longfellow, but the sea wearied of it and left it, and now, in its crazy and fatuous old age, it broods on what it was when the sea loved it. Its streets, with the grass springing up in places, and its crumbling walls, where ivy and lichen cling, seem to be musing on old-world days—so old that they seem to belong to another world.

Though it was only seven o'clock when Davenport walked through its streets, most of the shops were shut, and the keepers thereof, who lounged in the doorways, gazed at him with a sort of dazed look. He wondered if people really lived there or only vegetated—was it possible that men and women loved there, were happy or unhappy, as the case might be? Even the dogs and cats in the streets had an aged and toothless look. Where were the gay young bucks of London dogs, and those combed and pampered darlings that ride in carriages with fair women—and women very often not fair, too? And the sleek young London pussies, where were they? Alas, they knew nothing of St. Danes.

Davenport walked on quickly, and was soon on a broad road which ran between gold corn-fields. In St. Danes itself things had seemed more than three-quarters dead, but here the sunset air seemed absolutely to pulsate with the songs of larks; or they were like unseen springs of delicate music divinely intersecting the gold and blue of the sunset sky. There was no wind, and no sound save that of their singing. Davenport drew a long breath of satisfaction, as people do when, after London smoke, they inhale pure air.

In half an hour he was passing through a meek-looking village. It was Friday night, and in the village church the modest village choir were practicing. He lingered for a moment or two in the churchyard where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

He lingered listening to the words, and the really pretty air to which they were set blending with the evening:

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiance of glory,
What bliss beyond compare."

Henceforth words and air were forever to be associated in his memory with that evening walk. The hymn ceased, and he pressed on. In a few minutes more he was pausing outside the high gray wall of a garden, over which the trees thrust their branches, in which the birds were busy saying "good night." Then from behind that wall there came on the air a sound almost as sweet. It was only a girl's laughter, but there was an unusually wild sweetness in it, albeit it was not loud, and it had a penetrative quality in it, penetrating as is the odor of a flower. It seemed full of joy till it was dying away, and then it seemed to fall in a suppressed sob.

Davenport walked on to the gate and rang the bell, his ring being responded to by the barking of many dogs. Then the gate was opened and he walked in. It was a delightful old English garden in which he found himself—a garden lined with wise-looking trees, which seemed well content with their home; a garden aglow with flowers as fragrant to smell as they were fair to see. In the center was a wide, well kept lawn, and on the lawn, making a very pretty picture, were two girls. One was sitting in a low garden chair; she was slight, but well formed—the face calm and beautiful, with sweet, serious lips, and calm, dove-like eyes. She was dressed in white, that shimmered in the evening glow. This was Ursula March, Davenport's wife to be. The other, who was standing as if she had just risen, was her friend, Rose Beresford. She was tall—almost too tall but for the wonderful grace that carried off her height. She had lustrous black hair, which seemed to rebel against restraint. The eyes were large and dark, and they could be in their expression restful almost to slumbrousness or passionately scornful. The beautiful eager face was clearly pale, the full red lips making by contrast a superb piece of warm coloring. Her wonderfully molded figure looked as lithe as a willow. As he gazed at her that first evening, she seemed to him to be like some beautiful dark human lily.

When Ursula saw who it was coming up the garden, she also sprang to her feet, and uttered moreover a low cry of delight.

"Surprised?" he asked, in that tone of utter indifference generally assumed by an English lover when addressing the lady of his heart in the presence of a third person.

"Yes—ever so much surprised. I did not look for you for days yet." Then remembering herself, "How stupid I am. You haven't been introduced to Rose yet. Miss Beresford, Mr. Davenport."

"I think I have heard of you from this young lady," said Rose, touching the cheek of the girl, whose head did not come higher than her shoulder.

Miss Beresford's dress was of some heavy and rich material. It was made with loose, wide sleeves which partly revealed the exquisite shape and fairness of her arms. A massive pearl locket, which seemed to suit her well, hung at her neck.

"Confess now," she went on, "that your name is Walter."

"I would conceal the fact if I could," he went on, with mock gravity, "but, alas, I cannot. I think, you know, it should be considered a criminal offense to call a boy Walter."

So for a little while they chattered lightly. Then Davenport went to the room which was always kept ready for him to change his dusty clothes, and when he had done this he had not passed far down the thickly carpeted passage leading to the stair-head when he discerned a slight figure by an open window, gazing down intently into the garden, now gray and indistinct in the falling twilight. Of course it was quite chance her being there just then; she couldn't foresee that somebody would have to pass that way and would be arrested by so slight a figure against the soft dusk, and that some one's arm should go about her waist, and a hand fall over her shoulder and rest just underneath her chin. But this was just what did happen.

"Well, sweetheart," said Walter, and there was no indifference in his voice now, "are you really a little pleased that I have come before you expected me?"

"No, not at all glad—very sorry."

"No, dear, speak seriously," in rather a protesting tone. "Are you a little bit glad to see me?"

"Yes," in a passionate whisper of delight.

"Very glad?"

"More than ever glad."

"That is well then. Is any one in the garden now?"

"No, Rose is talking to mamma."

"Well then let us go and walk there. I wish you hadn't a visitor; I shan't see you alone now ever, shall I?"

"Yes, certainly, if you care to."

"Care to! you *know* how much I care to. But tell me who she is, and how long she means to stay, and everything about her."

"You seem *very* much interested"—in tones used by women who are perfectly sure of their lovers and husbands when they play at being jealous.

"I am very much disappointed at finding some one here, who must greatly spoil the time we have together. No—you shouldn't have arranged it so, Ursula. It wasn't fair to me. Upon my soul it wasn't—and I think if you cared for me at all as I cared for you, you would not have had it so."

"But, my dear boy," answered Ursula, her sweet voice just a little raised, and pressing both hands upon his arm (they were walking about the garden then), "I had nothing to say to it. I could not help it. Listen, and I will tell you all about it, that is if you are good, and if you are bad you shall be told nothing."

It was not much that Ursula had to tell. She and Rose had been school friends. Rose was an orphan, and on being twenty-one had gone to live in a remote part of the country, with a lady so old that she seemed more dead than alive. Mrs. March, who thought that Rose must lead a lonely life, had made her promise that if ever she felt dull she would make The Cedars her home. Rose accepted gladly, saying that she should take Mrs. March at her word. This she had done. A week ago the post had brought a letter from her, saying she should be with them that very evening.

"If you are too full of visitors to have me," the letter went on to say, "why, it can't be helped. There are plenty of nice old inns at St. Danes, where it would be rather fun to put up; but unless I do things suddenly I never do them at all, and I do want, *very much*, to see you and Ursula."

"So she came. Now be quiet—could I help it?"

"Well, no; I suppose really you could not. But how do you like her—what do you make of her?"

"I don't know. There is something in her which at once attracts and repels me. She seems at once tender and cruel—overflowing and reserved. I wonder how you will like her."

"I expect neither to like nor dislike her. That is my attitude toward most people, I think. But tell me if you have missed me, and why you did not write me longer letters?"

So in the young, tender moonlight, with his arm about her shoulder, his hand clasping hers, they went to and fro and talked, much I suppose as lovers always have talked since the world first was and will talk till the world is not. Ah, friends, be happy while youth lasts, for it is a frail flower, and every moment the bloom is fading. When it has all faded quite, to return no more forever, what shall some of us do then with the bloomless, scentless, unlovely stalk of life remaining?

Presently Mrs. March, who deemed that the lovers had had quite long enough talk, appeared with Rose,

and made some platitudinous remark upon the beauty of the night.

"And it has been so hot all day," said Rose. Her voice had the same sweetly penetrative quality that belonged to her laugh. It was a voice through which you could often hear the pulsations of a minor chord. It was a voice that haunted you as certain music does, music whereof the sense is with you though you cannot perfectly recall the melody.

"How glad all things are at night," she went on. "I think the flowers must be so happy when the sun hands them over to the moonlight and the dew. I wonder what they dream of through the long, still hours."

"Butterflies and bees," put in Walter, lighting a cigar, permission having been duly granted.

"I should think it more likely," answered Rose, "that they dream of thunder-storms and bleak days when the wind cuts them to the heart."

"And why," questioned Davenport, "should they not dream of pleasant things instead?"

"Because it is more like life to dream of what terrifies us—just as people who have fear of death are always dreaming of it."

"But you see," responded Walter, "these flowers are dear little innocent things that have done no harm in their lives. Rose has not betrayed rose, nor has lily fought with lily, so their dreams are not remorseful as ours are so often; neither do they speculate on the end of things, so their dreams are uninvaded by any thought of death."

"Indeed! You seem to know all about them. Perhaps in some former life you *were* a flower!"

"No," he laughed, "only a weed—a worthless weed."

"A stinging one?"

"I most sincerely hope so. I would rather have stung than done nothing. It is something in this world to be dreaded."

So between grave and gay the talk went on till the ladies retiring left Walter to smoke a pipe in the garden. He fell asleep that night trying to recall Miss Beresford's voice.

"Well," Ursula asked him the next morning, "how do you like her?"

"Better than I thought to do. She interests me."

Now what the acute reader has divined would happen *did* happen. From being rather interested in Rose Beresford, Mr. Davenport became desperately interested, and then, being a sincere man more or less, he owned to himself that she had swept him away. He was in the rapids and he knew it. Perchance it might never have been if Ursula, who was always delicate, had not been attacked with a feverish cold, which kept her to her room for many days. Rose would at first gladly have devoted all her time to her friend, but this Ursula would not hear of, saying it would be so dull for Walter. So, poor child, her own unselfish nature and delicate health militated against her, and while not absolutely in pain, but very weary, she sat up in bed propped by pillows, or, wrapped in her pretty dressing-gown, lay on the couch in her bedroom, looking fair and frail as any flower, she read, trying to interest herself in what she read, but not succeeding very well, for her faithful thoughts went ever following her lover. They followed him through the hot, still days, or through days when the month seemed panic-stricken, as if it knew it must die, and melancholy winds went moaning under gray skies, and the rose-leaves showered down as if, indeed, very autumn had come before its

time. In the meanwhile two persons were going through dreadful sufferings, alternated with transports of joy almost as dreadful.

Mrs. March was a chronic invalid, so that Rose and Walter were often alone together. In the house, in the garden, in walks, in drives. Very soon he felt how desperately fascinating she was to him. Her beauty stormed him. The worship of it came to be almost a religion with him. Then she had strange, swift ways of passing from grave subjects to light ones, which he thought charming. She was a fearless horse-woman, too, and looked splendid in the saddle.

One day—before they realized just how they stood to each other—when she had been talking bitterly, he said:

"The world is tragic for most of us, I know, but surely—surely not for you. You are young—you are ten times more beautiful than any woman I have ever seen, or ever shall see. You have intellect with which to enjoy the higher blessings of life, and money to procure you its creature comforts, which, I grant you, are in their way quite as necessary to anything like perfect enjoyment."

They were alone together in Miss March's pretty little pony carriage. Rose was driving.

"You do not know of what you are talking?" she answered. "You talk cruelly because you talk ignorantly."

"I am not ignorant of your beauty nor of your charm," he answered.

"Don't," she returned in a whisper of fear that thrilled through and awed him. "Suppose," she went on, "I were to tell you that I am the most unhappy woman in the world?"

"I am afraid I should say that you know very little about the world. Surely it must make you happy to be so beautiful. Just to look at you is a rapture. Do you know how I thank God for having made anything so beautiful? Tell me—tell me—do you know?"

"I don't know that I am so glad you think me so beautiful," she said, and her tone of voice forewarned of tears as the south wind forewarns of rain. "Men have called me beautiful before, and I have been their curse."

"Because you could not love them—but you shall love me, because I love you."

"Don't!" she cried, in a tone of command, and she struck sharply the ponies, who, unused to the whip, reared and dashed forward.

"Ursula would never forgive you," remarked Davenport. "She never touches them except to caress them."

"They have a different mistress for the present," she replied, and again she struck them and yet again. "See, I am as Fate driving them as it has driven me." The beautiful arm was raised to strike again, when Davenport, interceding, took her wrist in his hand and held it back.

"No," he said, dexterously dispossessing her other hand of the reins. "I will drive now."

She made no resistance; indeed, she looked rather ashamed.

"Do you hate me?" she asked, in clear, unfaltering tones, "and think me a fiend?"

"Hate you?" he groaned. "No, Rose, I do not hate you, nor do I think you are a fiend; but I should not mind if you were. I think only of how beautiful you are."

The twilight was drawing on—a still, ominous twilight, amber-flushed. Not a soul in sight, not a sound but the forlorn tinkling of sheep-bells. On one side of

them broad fields stretched away, on the other side of them was a small wood.

Davenport drew up the ponies by the roadside to rest them, and threw the reins upon their necks. How still everything was. As he drew very close to Rose their eyes met in a long, passionate gaze—their hands met and closed—and then with a quick rush of blood and a low cry, their lips came together and clung desperately. Then they started apart, knowing just what it all meant. The drive home was a silent one. They both passed the night feeling how criminal it seemed to have sat with Ursula, trying to cheer her up, when they knew the guilty secret there was between them.

The next day they tried to avoid each other, but not for long.

"Rose," he said at length, "I can bear this no longer. If you are not mine I shall go mad."

"Oh, why, why did we ever meet?" she moaned, wringing her hands.

"Why?" he answered, "because we were made for one another."

"But you are bound to Ursula."

"Whom I will never wrong by marrying while I feel to another woman as I feel to you."

"But if Ursula freed you," she answered, hope and terror blending in her voice, "you might not choose to marry me. Other men have been in love with me, and have heard what you must now hear, before taking the step you talk of taking. You may choose to cast me from you too."

"Nothing could come, or shall come between us, I tell you. You have bewitched me, you have made me faithless to the woman I loved, whom I thought I would rather die than pain, yet whose heart I shall now go near to break. You have made me false to all the most cherished traditions of my life, and you talk as if anything could come between us."

He had spoken rapidly, his eyes aglow with passion. They had gone for a country ramble, and had paused to rest on the root of a fallen tree. It was a bright, soft, breezy afternoon—with a veiled mystery of sunlight over everything—while birds sang dubiously.

"You do love me a great deal, don't you?" she said, her voice seeming to vibrate with her love, while her passionate dark eyes seemed to draw his whole soul out to her. She laid her hands in his, and said quickly under her breath:

"Kiss me."

Then when their lips had parted, she began speaking with restrained excitement.

"Strange as it seems, on him—him who marries me, as much as I may love him—I must impose conditions. First, that I may be allowed to settle always where we shall live. Secondly, that I may be free to absent myself for as long a period as I may think good. Thirdly, that I shall be asked no questions. Fourthly, that I shall not be followed, and that my movements shall be in no way investigated. These are the conditions."

She paused, and looking up, saw that his face was pale. "Rose," he said, and his voice was grave, "your conditions are harder than I thought they would be, but, feeling as I do for you, I have no choice. I accept your terms."

"How noble you are," she said, drawing a sigh of infinite relief.

"No, Rose; there is nothing noble in me at all. Whatever you say, I pray you do not say that. You have created a something in me of which I am almost frightened. If need were, I would barter my soul for you."

"Would you?" she said, laughing, the wild, sweet, penetrative laugh he had heard that July night come from behind the gray old garden wall.

"Is it matter for mirth," he asked, half in wonder.

"Yes, I think so. It is good to be loved like that, but I am worth no living creature's soul," she said, and then, bending down, put her fair, strong arms around his neck and drew him forward till his cheek rested against her perfect bosom. Then, in tones wonderful for sweet seductiveness, she asked him if he knew how well she loved him, while he answered:

"Oh, my queen; you are worth all the souls of all the world!"

Mr. Davenport was right. Feeling as he did for Rose Beresford, he had no right to marry Ursula March. It is cheap cynosism, indeed, that declares the men and women of the nineteenth century incapable of love, or strong passion. There may not be as much exalted love as in the fabled age of gold, when the women were faultlessly faithful, and the men as pure as they. The fires of modern creeds and modern greed may have destroyed in many hearts the power of love; still, friends, there is a good salvage left—quite enough to do some good and a great deal of harm.

That evening Ursula was sitting in her charming special sitting-room. It was filled by the soft, gray twilight, and the sweet presence of her, when Davenport entered.

"I am so glad to see you," she said hungrily, in her low, earnest voice, reaching out her hands and laying them in his. The evening was wonderfully still. There was no sound save that of an occasional owl, who thought it was time to rouse and be after mice.

"How are you to-night," he asked, a trouble in his voice which her quick ear at once detected.

"I? Oh, I am getting much better, quite strong. But something is troubling you. I can see it in your face. I can hear it in your voice. I want to know what it is." She would have drawn him to her, but he let her hands go, and stood back saying:

"Yes, Ursula, you must know. It is right that you should know; though to know will pain you for a little while."

"Yes," she replied, in a hushed tone of voice. "I am listening. Go on, if you please."

"Oh, Ursula, how can I? How can I let you see how unworthy I have all along been of your love, and now you are my saint—my spirit's ideal—"

Here she interrupted him, and said, in tones intense but calm:

"But not the woman you would wish to make your wife?"

"Ursula, God forgive me, it is so. I cannot explain it—even to myself; but she has bewitched me. Sleeping and waking, my thoughts are with her, and I am in fever till she is mine."

"You mean Rose?" she said with dreadful certainty in her voice.

"Who else but Rose *could* I mean?"

"I forgive you," she said, "indeed I have nothing to forgive. If you had married me, loving another woman, that I would never have forgiven as long as we two lived. Still, I entreat you, not for my sake, but for yours, to conquer this feeling. Travel; fall in love elsewhere; marry whom you will, but do not, I beseech you, marry Rose Beresford. She will make you wretched. She has told me of the men she has enslaved, but who, when it came to the point, would not marry her, because of the conditions she wished to impose upon them. But you, I know, are reckless where

you love. Oh, before it is too late, before you are irretrievably lost, be strong, and break through this fascination."

She looked so dreadfully distressed, as she sat there with her hands clasped closely in one another, that his heart bled for her as he answered:

"Dear, upon this matter it is vain to talk to me. My mind is made up. I have accepted the conditions, hard as they are. Whether or not I shall be happy with this strange girl I cannot tell, but I know I could not endure life without her."

Then he blessed Ursula for her nobility, and left her alone in the twilight. Now that he had told her a great weight seemed lifted off his heart, and she sat there in the summer stillness thinking of all that had been between herself and her lover. Weep, poor gray eyes, for the heart which is yours no longer. Weep fast-falling, bitter tears for the memory of passionate love-words, of hand-pressures, tender kisses, and what not. She locked the door of her sitting-room, and then, opening a cedar box, began to examine its contents—mostly faded flowers and letters—the reading of which had made heart and pulse beat faster. She read some of them over, and felt sure that at one time he must have loved her very dearly. Once she had held him, and there was such sweetness in the thought as comes from the scent of dried flowers. So to bed, poor sweetheart, and, like a child, cry yourself to sleep.

When Ursula was crying over her old love-letters, Rose and Walter were walking about the garden, and she was saying:

"Did Ursula say she hated me? But of course she must do so."

"Ursula," he answered, "is too noble to hate any one."

"Is she?" she replied indifferently, and then clung to him and asked him again and again if he was sure that he loved her as much as he had done the day before.

Rose wished to leave The Cedars, but Ursula would not hear of her doing so, and after some time made her mother see how much better it would be that the marriage should take place from there. The wedding-day was fixed for early October, the newly married pair arranging to go afterwards for a month to the sea-coast.

Those were of course hard days for Ursula to live through, but her brave spirit kept her up, and though she suffered she shed no more tears after that first outburst.

The house chosen by Rose as the one they would occupy was situated in one of London's most remote suburbs, so remote as to be virtually in the country. The house, which boasted an ample garden, stood on a high hill in a somewhat isolated position. It was known as The Priory.

So the days went over and brought the day which was to make these two man and wife. The marriage was solemnized in the little village church. No one but the Marches were present. When it was over the little party returned to The Cedars, where refreshments were served, after which the bride and bridegroom proceeded on their way.

It was a gray, featureless afternoon when Ursula shut to the door of her little sitting-room, to realize that the curtain had fallen for ever upon the romance of her life. In the presence of the lovers she had striven hard to maintain her cheerfulness, but now the strain was over, and the reaction was terrible. Poor little woman, she did not cry, but she lay there on her

couch gazing at the trees as they stood outlined against the pale gray sky, cowering in the coldness of her life, from which the heart and light of love had gone forever. Her hands were cold—cold as her heart, it seemed to her.

And Mrs. March, thinking much of her child, sat alone in the big drawing-room, and there, all to herself, wept for her daughter, who did *not* weep.

Poor Ursula, how full the place was of him! It was in this very room that he had told her of his love. Oh, shrine of love, on which love's fire burns no longer! After a time she arose and went into the garden where they had so often walked together. The gardener was there, sweeping away the fallen leaves. Ah, if we could only so sweep away our fallen leaves!

"Dear," said her mother's kind voice, as Ursula entered the drawing-room, "don't you think a change would be pleasant?"

Ursula longed for nothing so much, and she answered at once:

"Yes, mother, I should like it, if you are strong enough for traveling."

Mrs. March was sure that she was *quite* strong enough to travel by slow stages, so it was arranged that mother and daughter should pass the remainder of that autumn and the whole of the winter in Italy. It is a good thing that heartaches are not infectious, or to some of us traveling for pleasure might prove a doubtful kind of amusement. Fancy your young, strong-limbed, whole-hearted Oxonian falling asleep happily at Venice, his mind full of sightseeing and memories of the past, awakening in the morning with a dreadful apathy upon him, alarming indifference to Venice and everything else. But let us be thankful that such things cannot be.

In November the Davenports came to reside at The Priory, and Rose had to run the gauntlet of her husband's friends, most of whom knew that he had been engaged to a girl named Ursula March, and that he had forsaken her for her friend, and as he had been supposed not to be anything of a gay Lothario, but quite a steady young man, a good deal of interest was felt in the woman who had made him to swerve aside. So a house-warming, dinners and parties were given, to which his friends flocked most eagerly, and Rose shone as a hostess. Her utterance was rapid and her talk brilliant. She put her guests at once at their ease, and yet when they discussed her among themselves they owned to a something about her which they could not quite like—a something which, in some inexplicable way, repelled them. She had fine eyes, certainly, but the light in them was almost too intense. They thought—that is most of them thought—that she was just the kind of girl to try and take another girl's lover away from her. Well, as Walter had let himself be taken, they hoped she would make him happy, that was all.

And was he happy? Surely, yes. Sweet and potent was this wine of life that he quaffed. Existence seemed to him like a wonderful fairy-story. The Priory was no common suburban house which had been advertised in the papers as:

"This most desirable residence, standing on gravel soil, in a most healthy locality. Trains to and from the city every quarter of an hour."

No, it was an enchanted castle, and she was the queen of it.

He was passionately fond of music. Rose had a beautiful, rich, thrilling voice, and often in the fire-lighted dusk he would have her sing to him, her voice

seeming to come and go, to rise and fall, like the wind. It had in it a sweetness that was almost poignant. She sang German songs in which his soul delighted. She could interpret Wagner's music, while, on the other hand, she could sing an English or Scotch ballad with exquisite expression. Oh, those were happy hours, yet they were too happy, because they made the hours when he had to be away from her (and such hours had to be) too great a contrast.

"Oh, Rose, come here," he said one December afternoon shortly before Christmas. She had been singing to him in the dusk. The curtains had not been drawn. The season was intensely cold, and white wings of snow could be seen drifting down. She had ceased singing, but made no answer.

"Rose, sweetheart," he said—still no answer. Then he heard her rise, and the door close after her. What did it mean? Had he done anything to offend her?

He rose and went at once to their bedroom. As he approached it he heard a sound of an uncontrollable weeping. Entering, he saw his wife lying on the bed, her face pressed into the pillows, her body, as it were, broken up with sobs.

"Rose," he cried, raising her in his arms, and trying to turn her face to him. "Rose, my love, what is it, tell me! Oh, tell me what it is or you will break my heart."

But with a strength of which he had not thought her capable she wrenched herself from him, and again burying her face in the pillows, sobbed more bitterly than ever. Almost beside himself, he entreated her to speak to him. At length she raised herself and said, her words seeming almost to choke her:

"If you love me you will leave me. I shall be better, better soon."

He saw he could do nothing but humor her, so he left her, remaining, however, in the dressing-room which adjoined, and the hours went by, the bright, bitter, snow-winged hours, and the dressing-bell sounded through the house, and when Rose's maid tapped at the door with hot water Walter took it from her, saying that her mistress was not very well, and would not need her services—indeed, might not be well enough to come down to dinner.

Then he sat down by the fire and listened to that dreadful and prolonged sobbing—and the pitiless winter moon glared in upon him. The dinner-bell sounded, and James, the butler, took up his place behind his master's chair, and the clock struck the dinner-hour, and the quarter past, but no master came. Then a servant went, and, tapping at the dressing-room door, informed him that dinner had been served more than a quarter of an hour. He replied that it could be removed, as he did not know when he should dine. Then he resumed his seat by the fire, and in the moonlight still heard that wild sobbing which so tortured him. At length it subsided—then at intervals it ceased. At last it ceased altogether. He sat still, dreading its recurrence, but no, for an hour there had been perfect silence. He opened the door and went in softly. His wife lay on the bed, with her face turned to him. The beautiful eyes were closed. The red lips were parted. Her regular breathing was just audible. She was sleeping in the pure, deep way that children do. The pillow on which her cheek lay was drenched with her tears. He looked at her with hungry love, kissed her hand lightly, and then withdrew—but only to the next room—still flooded with the pitiless winter moonshine.

Many hours after, a slight noise in the next room told him that his wife had awakened. He hastened to her.

"Walter," said the low voice as he came in, "is that you?"

"Yes, dear," he answered. "You have been ill or unhappy, but you have slept. You are better now."

"Much better. Did I frighten you?"

"Dreadfully."

"Why, it was nothing but one of those fits of hysteria to which some women are liable. You should not have been frightened, my poor dear. But you did well to leave me to myself."

"Rose," he said, "tell me one thing. Were you crying because I do not make you happy?"

"Come here," she said.

He leaned down, while she, reaching up, flung her arms round his neck, and after a long kiss, said:

"Now, are you answered?"

Yes, he was answered. He could not doubt that she loved him, and that he made her happy.

The next day Mrs. Davenport appeared to be in her usual high spirits. Still, through all her mirth, it seemed to Walter that he detected a note of minor music.

The day following was Christmas Eve. Davenport went to town early, to transact some business with his wine merchant. Christmas was to be celebrated the next day by a large dinner-party at The Priory. All day a cold, bitter, shrill wind blew, and the snow fell fast, being blown into drifts by the roadside. Such a day had not been known in London for long years and years. The snow made its way into the strongest houses. Progress was difficult and slow, and the trains that did not run went only at a snail's pace, so that it was nearly eight in the evening when Davenport, a veritable snow-man, found himself in his own house. Knowing his ring, Rose generally came into the hall to welcome her husband back, and to-night, of all nights, when she might not unnaturally be supposed to be somewhat anxious about him, he was surprised not to see her.

"Mrs. Davenport is in the drawing-room, I suppose?" he said to the servant who was helping to divest him of his coat.

"I don't think Mrs. Davenport has returned yet, sir," replied the man.

"What!" ejaculated Davenport, hardly able to speak from horror. "You don't mean to say that your mistress is out a night like this?"

Just then his wife's maid appeared on the scene, and handed him a letter with which her mistress had charged her.

He went into the dining-room, tore open the letter, and read:

"MY DEAREST—You will think I am your curse, but you remember the conditions on which you married me. I can help neither of us. Believe me, and remember what you vowed. As soon as I can I will come back to you, but I cannot—cannot—cannot say when that will be.

"Your wife,

ROSE."

With a low cry he sank into a chair. Then he rang for his wife's maid, and questioned her. The girl said she had done all she could to dissuade her mistress from going out on such a dreadful day, but she only replied that she must go to a friend's. The girl asked her which carriage she would use, but Mrs. Davenport had replied that she was going on foot. She could not tell how long she should be absent. She took a fair-sized bag with her. The girl had asked if some one should not carry it for her, but she said "No" very decidedly, and went, and that was the last the servant had seen of her.

Davenport dismissed the girl, and walked to and fro, half-mad with grief. So absorbed had he been in his fresh happiness, that he had almost forgotten the fatal conditions of his marriage. Now he remembered them—the solemn vows he had taken, that if ever she left him he would make no inquiries after her, would neither follow her himself nor cause her to be followed. But abroad by herself, and on a night like this! Good God! what did it mean? She might be dead or lost. Ah, when would she come back, if ever! Then an awful thought flashed across him. Could it be that she was in the power of some man who could draw her to him when he pleased? Bitter as the night was, the thought set all his blood on fire. Well, it was too late. He must play the part of a strong man, and face the situation. For his own sake as well as hers, he must meet his guests of the next day, and lie to them, saying that his wife had been summoned to a dear friend who was dangerously ill. Did ever man before, I wonder, pass such a frightful Christmas Day.

Fancy a man in that position having to play the part of a cheerful and genial host, proposing healths, pulling crackers with the women of the party, and making lively complimentary remarks on the mottoes and head-gear contained therein. And later on, only the men left, animating the smoking-room, where he had to tell and listen to racy stories. Yet all these things Walter Davenport accomplished. He thought the last man never would leave, and he felt more than once he must go mad. At length the man, pulling himself together, announced his intention of toddling toward London. Walter raised no opposition, for he felt he was at the end of his resources. He closed the door on his guest, and returned to the smoking-room for the purpose of extinguishing the lights there, when all of a sudden the room whirled round with him. For a moment there was a blood-red light before his eyes, and then he fell heavily to the ground, striking his head sharply against the brass fender. The strain had been too much for him; he had fainted. Half an hour afterward he had recovered consciousness. There was a dreadful pain in his head, and blood was trickling from his forehead.

"I must have dropped down in a faint," he said to himself as he rose, feeling strangely weak. "I am glad I was not found like this by the servants! They would certainly have said it was intoxication."

He went to his room and bathed the wound, which, however, left a long scar right across his forehead. He went to bed in the first gray light of the wintry dawn, but worn out as he was, in heart, brain and body, he could not sleep, kept awake by two thoughts—Where was Rose? What could have been her reason for leaving him? When, some hours later, he came down stairs to make a pretence of breakfast, the servants said among themselves that he looked more like a ghost than a living man, and they did but speak the truth.

Weeks ago he had accepted a dinner invitation for that day, and ill as he was he forced himself to keep the engagement. All the friends he met at the dinner said how ill he looked, and when he left, shortly after it was concluded, his host felt that he could offer no friendly opposition. They all agreed that he looked more than physically ill. Some one suggested that he was fretting for his wife.

That night sleep visited him not again, and the stress of continuous thought of ever asking himself those two questions: "Where was his wife?" and "Why had she left him?" almost drove him wild. The next day he armed himself with chloral, and through this potent drug obtained a few hours' sleep.

His friends really had a kind of notion that he was pining for his wife, as indeed he was, but not because of her absence, though that would, of course, have grieved him, but because of the dreadful mystery surrounding that absence. Well, his friends, thinking he must be lonely, came much to see him, and as the days grew into weeks, and Mrs. Davenport returned not, and her husband grew more and more haggard-looking, forgetting to shave and letting his hair grow long, hardly eating anything, living chiefly on brandy and cloral, these friends talked among themselves, and said they were sure if she knew of his state she would return. He had acquired a hollow, hacking cough, which he had no strength to throw off. They thought, and with reason, that his condition was alarming. All their entreaties to see a doctor he positively refused—then they began to speculate about Mrs. Davenport. This newly-made wife, who proved such a much more devoted friend than wife. Surely the friend she had gone to nurse on Christmas Day had died by this time, or else was out of danger. Then they began to wonder if there could have been a quarrel.

The middle of January came, but she did not return. He had a kind of presentiment that she would come in at twilight, and always at that time he would sit by himself in the drawing-room where she had sung to him. The winter twilight came, but she came not, nor any word. Could she not in some way have communicated with him? Surely, surely she might have done so, he thought in the bitterness of his great despair. And January passed and February came, a sweet, compassionate February, with soft blue skies; bland sunshine, and mild airs, and twittering of birds, and things growing green before their time. These things came, but she came not, and day by day Walter's strength seemed to ooze from him.

One February twilight he was sitting as usual alone, when there came a ring to the house-door which made his pulses throb violently and his heart almost to stand still. She had come back, his wife! She would be able now to explain. The door was thrown open and the footman announced Mrs. and Miss March. The blood which had rushed to his face now as suddenly left it. The candles were lighted.

"We called specially to see Rose, Mr. Davenport," Mrs. March began in her pleasant voice, "but hearing she was from home, we thought we would pay you a visit. We are just passing through London on our way to The Cedars. We have been in Italy since the middle of October. We did mean to stay much longer, but we got homesick sooner than we thought. And now what about Rose, and how long have you been a bachelor? I can't say that bachelorhood seems to agree with you. Seriously, Walter, you look very ill."

"Really," he answered, "I am a little pulled down; it is nothing. Let us talk of something else."

He would have waved the subject off, but Ursula put in:

"You are ill, and you know you are."

"I see," he said, "it is no good trying to deceive your women's eyes. I am not just now, for the time being, as strong as I used to be, but I shall be better soon."

Mrs. March asked if Rose had been apprised of his condition, and he said no. Then Ursula asked, fixing her earnest gray eyes upon his face:

"Don't you think she *ought* to be told?"

He answered, almost sharply:

"No, I do not. I only can act in this matter for good or ill."

And then, as if wishing to apologize for his abruptness, he added, in much gentler tones: "I know all the same how good it is of you both to take such a friendly interest in me."

His visitors did not stay long, and they went away both troubled on his account—one very much troubled, indeed.

"Ah, me," she sighed to herself, "I had a presentiment that she would not make him happy."

At the foot of the hill on which The Priory stood lay a large common, extending many miles. The winds, as they swept over it, had in them something of the freshness of the sea. This night Walter was restless instead of apathetic, which was his more usual condition. He left the house, and descending the hill struck out across the common. The high west wind came rushing past him. Above him the white moon sped on, occasionally veiled by soft, fleecy clouds, but soon sailing free again. The wind was life-giving, but it brought no fresh life to the weary man who breasted it. He walked on, not because he had any pleasure in doing so, but because he was urged by a dreadful fiend that would not let him rest in one place.

Suddenly a wild, piercing cry—like that of an animal run to earth, only much more dreadful—sent a horror through his blood, and made him recoil. As he did so, something darted at him, and fingers gripped his throat. He wrenched them away, and held them with a grasp of iron.

"Let me go! let me go!" shrieked the woman whose hands he was holding by force.

Oh, what horror was here! Distorted as the voice was by terror and suffering, he knew it for his wife's. He knew that it was she before the moonlight, which had been veiled for a few minutes, poured full upon her face—dreadfully changed from the face he had known. The eyes protruded unnaturally from the head, and had in them a terror which it was pitiful to behold.

"Rose," he cried, "speak to me. Tell me what this means?"

But she only struggled desperately to free herself. Seeing that she was powerless to do so, she bent down and made her teeth meet in his hand. At the same moment a man's voice cried, evidently to a companion:

"Here she is. I knew she couldn't have gone far. I hope she hasn't badly frightened you, sir. I see she has bitten your hand badly."

The two men had now got hold of the unfortunate woman, and held her captive between them.

"It's seldom she has such a bout of it as this, or that it lasts so long."

"She must have got away while the reading was going on," remarked the other man.

"Yes, that's about it," returned the other. Then, addressing himself to Walter, he observed: "Quiet as a lamb now, you see. Lord, she knows us. I wish you a good night, sir."

"Stay," said Davenport, rousing himself. "You mean that this poor thing is mad?"

"We could hardly mean anything else, sir," replied both men together, with something of contempt in their tone. "An escaped patient from Dr. Cross's asylum, the other side of the common."

"I will walk back with you," said Walter, "as I must see Dr. Cross to-night."

Arrived at the asylum, Walter obtained from Dr. Cross the interview he desired.

The doctor said, concerning the patient about whom Walter questioned him, that she had been known to him for some years as Rose Beresford. She was liable to

temporary fits of insanity, preceded by violent sobbing fits some two or three days before. While in these fits of insanity it was necessary that she should be placed under restraint. During her mother's lifetime a private keeper had been sent for when one of these fits was known to be approaching, but after her mother's death she became so sensitive of any one knowing of her affliction that she preferred to come to him of her own will and be put under restraint till the fit had passed. These fits of insanity generally occurred about once a year. Nor was hers at all an exceptional case.

"This attack," said the Doctor, "has been an unusually long and severe one. Indeed, as you can judge for yourself, it is not over yet. She ought to live a life free from any excitement, either pleasant or otherwise.

"She was married last October," said poor Davenport.

"Married!" echoed the Doctor. "Then, of course, that accounts for the unusual length and severity of the attack. Ah, what a dreadful thing!"

"She is my wife," said Walter.

"And she never told you anything of all this?"

"Upon my honor, not a word."

He then explained to the Doctor the circumstances

under which he had married Rose Beresford, and how, since his marriage, he had suffered.

He was destined never again to be recognized by the woman who had desperately but vainly striven against her fate, and who would guiltily, as I think, have brought children into the world to suffer, perhaps more fearfully even, that curse which had so darkened her own life. She succumbed to an illness contracted that night when she made her brief escape.

Davenport took his trouble to Ursula, and came out of his wild fever-fit, which might not have lasted even had his wife lived—came back a wearied wanderer, back to the pure, serene, restful nature of his first true love. And when, two years after the death of Rose, he asked Ursula if she could forgive the past and accept a heart which was now wholly hers, and be at once the glory and the blessing of his life, a warmer light than ever came into her clear eyes, and a soft rose color stole into her cheeks. Her voice was low, and it trembled a little as she answered:

"Are you sure that you'll know your own mind this time?"

"Ursula," he said, and their eyes met.

HER FAMILY TREE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

PART II.

It is only when realization comes that anticipation proves itself to have been the largest part of happiness, but Miss Pencook had not yet formulated this unpleasant truism into a distinct article of personal belief. In this hour a glory seemed to have spread over the whole landscape, and she rowed swiftly, with her old delight in the movement, and the added one of intense and happy expectation. There could be no further doubt that this was her grandfather, and undoubtedly he had been a professor at one of the larger colleges, Yale, or even Harvard, and as undoubtedly an honored one. She saw herself already returned to Strotherston, and mentioning with outward quiet but deep inward exultation, "My grandfather, Professor Pencook," before whose honors even those of her father paled, and not even the sudden appearance of the deserted homestead could check the flood of joyous anticipation. It was one of the square, generously proportioned houses still to be seen in New England, but with an aspect of utter desolation. Looking in through the uncurtained windows she saw the rooms still furnished; chairs ranged in solemn rows against the sides, looking as if nothing human had ever touched them, and groups of old-fashioned photographs on the walls, appeared to raise threatening glances toward the intruder on their solitude. Shapes seemed to stir within. She almost expected to see the stiff, dead figure of Silas's wife lying straight and cold, upholding on its silent breast the heavy head of the heart-stricken husband. A rat stole across the hearth, and, pausing a moment, turned a glittering eye toward the window, then disappeared down its hole. Elizabeth shuddered and turned away.

A step or two from the house and the bright August air relieved her oppression, though nothing could remove the sense of desolation. Sitting on the trunk of

a fallen tree she made a sketch of the house and its surroundings, thinking the while of her dead father, and wondering what influences could have worked in his boyish heart to make void all the charm that a scene so lovely must have had for one of his temperament, and drive him from the home and mother he could not, even when most silent, forget. The landlord must have some clue to the mystery, and she went down the lane, bordered by lines of stiff Lombardy poplars, decaying as surely as the silent house, and took her place in the boat, so eager to know more, and quickly, that she rowed with feverish energy.

The results we know. A broken oar, snapped suddenly in a quick stroke—a vain attempt to scull to shore—a call for help as a boat showed itself in the distance, and utter confusion as the helper proved to be precisely the one she least and most desired to see.

Elizabeth's heart smote her as he turned away. She longed to call him back; to tell him every detail of this discovery and convince him how nearly the search was over and how fully she was justified in every expectation. He had gone before the words were spoken, and she faced the inquisitive landlord with a sense of bewildered pain that would have been even sharper but for her infatuation. Nor could she bring herself to question closely. The twinkling gray eyes of the foxy-looking landlord were offences against every feeling. There must be some family friend—the minister perhaps who could tell her details, and as she speculated, she listened, hoping that he would voluntarily gossip on until all the information she needed had been extracted. Gossip there was in abundance, but no word of what she most longed to hear, yet would not ask directly, and she left Tipton but little wiser than when she came.

"Ketch a weasel asleep," chuckled the landlord as the wagon drove off toward the station, "when you catch Ike Simmons telling tales out of school. Let

folks dig their own taters, 'specially when they're small an' few in a hill, or got the dry rot."

But two passengers besides herself took the train—two men who placed themselves in the seat just before her own and talked on steadily. For a time she paid no attention, but the names Silas and Thomas at last caught her ear, and she listened eagerly, catching only a word here and there, till a sudden slacking of speed brought the phrases:

"The old man's gone to Germany for his health; Baden Baden, I believe."

Certainly this was her grandfather of whom they talked, for the landlord had spoken of "furrin parts." To follow him was the next impulse, and once more, after hardly more than a day of preparation, leaving old Jane in full possession she turned away from the home that at this last moment seemed to hold her with a strength she had never found it so hard to resist, and sailed for Europe, writing to Dr. John just a line of explanation:

"DEAR DR. STROTHERS:—My grandfather is alive and in Baden Baden. I am going to him, and when I have found him shall write to you fully.

"Sincerely yours,

"ELIZABETH WINTHROP PENCOOK."

To add more was impossible till she knew more, and though she pressed the letter to her lips as she looked at the address, with a longing that may have made itself felt to the disappointed reader, she gave no other sign, but made her hasty preparations, and sailed the day on which he received the note. Three weeks from the date on which she had left Tipton she found herself in a room of one of the largest hotels in Baden Baden and her search at last really begun. Paralyzed by sea-sickness, she had made no plans during the voyage, and now the only feasible beginning seemed to be to enlist the services of the hotel clerk. This functionary concealed the amazement he privately felt, long experience with British tourists having prepared him for even more startling departures from Continental methods. He spoke "business English" fluently, and not only good-naturedly looked over the registers of the past two years, but extended his researches to those of other hotels, the result being that she followed Mr. Pancost to Munich, and Mr. Penstock to Carlsruhe, these names striking the foreign ears of the clerk as identical with her own. Detectives might have done the work for her, but she shrunk from such means, more and more bent upon accomplishing her purpose by her own unaided powers.

As the days went on the end seemed no nearer. She gave a week to the following of one silver-haired and reserved old man, appearing so persistently in his neighborhood, hoping for some opportunity to speak, that he became convinced she was either a lunatic or an adventuress, and was on the point of appealing to the police when she suddenly abandoned the pursuit. He questioned long, but never knew that his deliverance came in the fact that she had at last heard him addressed, not as Pencook, but Peacock. Her faithful coadjutor the hotel clerk, became finally possessed with the idea that this old Pencook whom she hunted so persistently had trifled with her affections, and that if once brought to retribution, showers of American gold would descend upon all concerned in his capture. He gazed at every guest whose signature suggested in faintest degree the desired name with a dark suspicion that bewildered and alarmed various unoffending tourists, and at last one day rushed to her rooms and knocked in nervous haste.

"He have just now arrive!" he cried with enthusiasm. "It is he. I feel it. He have gray hair and halt-a so little, and it is dat queer name Penkek. Come at once. I lead you to him, and we catch him till he cannot depart!"

Carried away by the sudden news, Elizabeth did not stop to consider the glaring impropriety of rushing into the presence of a stranger unannounced, nor did she know that she was being taken to the private apartment of the gentleman. She was therefore wholly unprepared for the scene which greeted her, when, in answer to the clerk's imperative knock, a gruff "Come in," was in turn responded to by the clerk, who threw open the door, pushed her inside, closed it after her, and remained in breathless expectation outside.

In the center of the room sat an elderly man, with a gouty foot elevated on a chair. He was without a coat and in the act of handing collar and tie to a valet who stood deferentially behind him. Amazed at the apparition, he turned to the valet with a subdued imprecation:

"What's this, Morton? What does the young woman want?"

Blushing and confounded, Miss Pencook murmured something, a word of which struck his ear as "Pancake."

"Pancakes!" he roared, becoming at once red with indignation—"Pancakes! Go to England Shrove Tuesday if you want pancakes! Do you suppose every Englishman carries his pocket full of them?"

As he spoke the valet had piloted Elizabeth to the door, explaining deferentially that she had made some mistake; this was Lord Penclerk's room. Blind with mortification she rushed by this friend, the clerk, who awaited the result of this so happy chance, and in the seclusion of her own room, decided herself to be a fool, and further search in this quarter useless and hopeless. A dozen certainties had resolved themselves into uncertainties. It was more than probable that her grandfather had returned home; perhaps even now he was in Tipton, and Miss Pencook made haste to follow him, too absorbed by her own failures to reflect upon any absurdities in her course.

Spring had come when she again saw the landlord, who met her as an old acquaintance.

"Now ef you'd only a-come a few weeks ago," he said, "you'd a-seen your grandfather. He was to home, but he found it sort of lonesome, an' he didn't stay very long. He hain't staid long to time for a consid'able spell."

Miss Pencook's heart sank within her.

"Where is he gone?" she said.

"The last I heard of him, he was at one o' the big houses in Oakland, Californy."

"Is there any one on the old place?"

"Bless you, yes! A reg'lar crew o' Irish. Ye see, he sold out. Said he wan't never comin' back an' there wan't no use holdin' on. He was kinder broken down; said he'd outlived everyone that belonged to him. I calkilate this is about his last trip."

If anything had been needed to confirm Miss Pencook in her determination, these words would have been sufficient. Strotherston could wait, though she had gone straight from the steamer to the Boston boat, and no one knew of her arrival. A journey across the Continent must be made without delay, but its ending was as ineffectual as the pilgrimage to Baden Baden. No one of her own name had been heard of there, and after long search, wearied, and at last utterly disheartened, she decided that it must end, or be placed in hands better fitted to cope with such difficulties. Her purpose

had become generally known, and that afternoon she had noticed a peculiar expression cross the landlord's face as she said the words, "Professor Pencook."

"Professor!" he repeated. "You didn't call him that before."

"No," said Miss Pencook, wondering at the pitying look in his eyes, but assigning it to the cordial, warm-hearted ways of Western folk. "He is called so in his old home."

"Ha!" the landlord said, musingly. "Well, I don't know. We'll keep on the lookout, anyhow. It's the biggest tangle I ever got hold of," he added regretfully, as she moved away. "She's pretty, an' she's proud, too; but the Lord help her!"

An hour later a knock sounded at her door, and she opened it to find a slender lad in ragged clothes, who twisted a frayed straw hat in his grimy, brown hands, as he looked at her eagerly.

"I heard you was huntin' for a man named Pencook," he stammered, "and I thought more'n likely it was the Perfesser."

"Is it possible you know about him when nobody else does?" asked Miss Pencook in amazement.

"Yes, I know about him," the boy answered slowly.

"Then tell me where he is, so that I can go to him."

"He's sick. You couldn't go to him to-day."

"But that is all the more reason why I should see him."

"No. He wouldn't ever get over it if I should let you. I'll bring him here to-morrow."

"But how does it happen that you have charge of him, and can make promises for him? You do not—"

Miss Pencook hesitated, with a glance at the rags which indicated her thoughts.

"That's so," the lad said, with a rueful look in the same direction. "I know rags when I see 'em. I've been sick, you see, and the perfesser was mighty good to me—pulled me through when they said I wouldn't live, an' now I sort o' live with him, an' he lets me 'tend to him."

Miss Pencook's face cleared. This was explicable. The kind old gentleman had used his skill for the poor boy, and now allowed the grateful fellow to serve him; though why he was allowed to retain such livery was still a mystery. Probably the boy was responsible in some way, preferring the dress which represented the fate he had escaped, and which she mentally vowed to alter at once when her influence had been established.

All this passed through her mind as the boy watched her, and she roused herself to say:

"Very well. If he cannot be seen to-day I shall depend on you to bring him to-morrow, though I should prefer to go to him, as I am the younger of the two."

"He wouldn't hear of it," the boy said. "But I'll get him here to-morrow or know the reason why," and with a nod he was gone.

It was with a restless and perplexed spirit that Miss Pencook awaited the coming of this ancient and reverend representative of the long unacknowledged worth and dignity of her "family." How should she meet him? How would he meet her? No suggestion of the coldness of a stranger must be in her manner, nor must it hold unnecessary effusiveness. Yet the tenderness she was prepared to feel must be there, and some hint that if her father had been undutiful that she was prepared to make up to him all that he had lost in the son, and again she lost herself in speculation as to the causes of such estrangement, roused at last by the same timid knock that had sounded the preceding day. She sprang up with a quickly beating heart as the door opened, and

the voice of her yesterday's visitor was heard to say encouragingly:

"Go in, Perfesser. You needn't hold back. She's all right, I tell you, every time."

A shambling footstep was heard. A bent and trembling figure entered. The door was shut by the brown hands of the boy, who allowed nothing else to be visible, and Miss Pencook looked in horrified silence at the abject creature who cowered before her. He was an old man, with long white hair straggling over his shoulders. He was lame, and walked with a cane. Thus far his appearance coincided with the mental picture she had made of her father's father, but there the likeness ended. Instead of the dignified mien, the kindly, noble face, this man was bloated, bleary-eyed, trembling, and apparently ready to sink to the floor with shame. He had evidently made an effort to appear tidily dressed, but the whitened seams and frayed cuffs of the sorry coat he wore showed a poverty for which it was easy to account. Silent, with downcast eyes, he waited for her to speak, and she, in turn, silent from astonishment, hardly knew how to end the painful situation. Yet she must not keep the old man standing there. She must make him comprehend that it was a mistake.

"I am very sorry," she began. "The boy has made a very unfortunate mistake."

"There is no mistake," came the hurried but trembling interruption to her words. "I am Thomas Pencook, your grandfather."

In spite of the shock his words gave, Elizabeth did not fail to notice that his voice and words were those of a man of cultivation and refinement. Instinctively she placed a chair for him, and took the bent and rusty hat from his shaking hand, but she could find no words.

"You do not believe me," said the quivering voice. "I do not blame you, but I speak the truth, unpalatable as it must be to you," and for the first time he glanced up into her face.

"If it is true, you can prove it to me," she faltered.

"Yes, I can prove it to you undoubtedly. You went to Tipton, Connecticut, in search of me."

"I went there in search of my grandfather."

"I know it. I do not say that I am your grandfather, because you went there to seek me. If I had no other proof, I should keep silence. I should have done so in any case, but that I have a duty to perform. Do not imagine that I make myself known now only to bring disgrace and shame upon you."

There was a tremulous eagerness in his tone that touched her, in spite of her determination to believe and treat him as an imposter.

"Sit down until you have heard me," he said, "and then I will leave you forever."

Miss Pencook sank into the nearest chair, and fixed her eyes on the old man, who now looked at her intently.

"Your father," he said, "was Thomas Jefferson Pencook, of Strotherston. He died of heart-disease, nearly three years ago. He was my oldest son, named after me, as well as in memory of the man I revered as one of our noblest and greatest. You had an infant brother, who died from the effects of a fall. Your mother was the daughter of Benoni Martin, a shoemaker in Tipton."

Ah, it was all too true! There was no doubting such evidence. This was her grandfather.

"Your father," continued the old man, "would never speak of his father, and never visited his old home since you can remember. Do you know why?"

Miss Pencook shook her head.

"I thought that perhaps you did," he faltered, "and that it was because you forgave me that you were seeking for me. Do you know where I was when you first came to Tipton?"

"No."

"I was in Sing Sing."

Miss Pencook closed her eyes, and a faint moan escaped her. Then she sat up resolutely.

"Why do you come to tell me this?" she said. "I do not care—"

"To hear of my shame?" he interrupted her. "No, I am sure that you do not. But I have a reparation to make, or, at least, a confession. It is too late for reparation. You have seen me," he continued slowly, "and, even if you have never seen a drunkard, you must know that I am one. My father was one, and my grandfather before him. It is the family inheritance."

Ah, Elizabeth! you have never considered that there are other inheritances in families than aristocratic outlines, imperious tempers, or long-descended graces!

"My mother was an opium-eater, and even at her breast I drank in poison. There was no salvation for me. My father was a brilliant man with fine powers, natural and acquired; a lawyer, and the leader in all convivialities. At seventeen I was his image and with all his tendencies. But it was only at times that I yielded. I meant to make a mark in the world, and I studied and graduated with high honors, to drown them in a debauch begun at our own class-supper. I came out of that ashamed and terrified, and vowed to keep sober forever after. I met your grandmother when she was a beautiful girl. I won her easily, and she did not know my weakness. I thought I could always keep it from her. We were married, and happy—so happy that I could not fall, but the time came. I was a prosperous man. I lived in the old place, and had almost atoned for my father's lapses, and then my own turn came. It began in overwork and some stimulus to keep me up, and down I went. Through it all she never forsook me, but ruin was marked out for me. At my worst—and God knows how bad that was!—I never harmed her, though I was the devil to every one else who came near me. It was through her that the boys were saved from the same fate. They hated even the smell of the liquor as she did, but there were other evils she had no power to avert. Of our seven children, only your father and Silas lived to grow up, and both of them died of heart-disease. The curse was on all the rest. I loved them passionately, and was furious as they were taken one by one. I did not know then that it was my own act that did it. I was proud of my boys, but too stern, and when in liquor, merciless. I treated them like slaves, and even their mother could not alter this. There was one woman who befriended both of them, a cousin I had always loved—Elizabeth Winthrop."

Miss Pencook started. Her name then held many meanings.

"One day," the old man went on, his eyes always intently upon her face, "I struck my oldest boy—your father—a wicked blow, telling him to go and never let me see his face again. He took me at my word. I heard him that night talking with his mother. 'If I were needed to protect you, mother,' he said, 'I would not go; but you know I am not, for he never touches you. It's best for all of us.'"

"What she said I did not hear, but he went, and even on her death-bed she would not send for him. When she died my last chance went with her. I wandered here and there, and at last, after days of heavy drinking, roused to find myself under arrest for manslaughter

of which I was absolutely ignorant, though partly guilty. They sent me to Sing Sing, and while there Silas and his wife both died. There was no one of my own blood to meet me when I came out. They told me you had been there, and wondered if it meant a chance for salvation. In prison I had been forced to be temperate, and came out made over. But there was nothing to live for. I sold the place, and came here to get as far as possible from everything I had ever known. I fell among thieves. There is nothing left. Poor, debased to the last degree, I help Joe in the stable, and he shares his crust and straw with me. It won't last long, and I shall go—God knows where. There is no room for drunkards in heaven, and their hell begins here. I know there can be no worse one. It is the sins of the fathers—the sins of the fathers," he moaned. "You can't escape it."

He dropped his forehead on his cane, and slow tears fell between his fingers on the floor. Both were silent.

"Grandfather," Elizabeth said at last, faintly:

"No!" he returned sternly, raising his head and speaking with a dignity she could not have believed possible. "No. I did not come here to play on your sympathies or receive your charity. I wanted to tell you that as my sin to your father never had confession, it needed to be made to the daughter. I had thought, too, that you brought perhaps a message of forgiveness from him, for nothing else could account for your seeking me so persistently. Why you have sought me I cannot tell, but you have found me, and found that only disgrace goes with any knowledge of me."

As he spoke he rose, and taking his battered hat from the table, turned to go.

Miss Pencook had sat silent and in an agony of doubt as to what could be right and best, but with the action it ended. If heaven had no place for him, at least there should be one on earth. There could be no forgiveness for her if she allowed him to leave her.

She stepped between him and the door as she said:

"You must not leave me, grandfather. I have spent many months in trying to find you. We are both alone. Come home with me to my father's house, and let your last days be better than the old ones."

The old man's hat and cane fell to the floor.

"No, no, no!" he cried, making an ineffectual attempt to pass her. "I am not fit. Your father would never forgive me. He never did."

"He did; he has," Elizabeth said solemnly. She had lost all sense of personal wrong, and looked at him now with almost divine pity in her eyes. "He is with us now. Promise him—promise them all—before God, that you will die rather than fail again, and then come home with me."

She fell to her knees, and looked up now as if the waiting throng were visible. Sobs shook her. In all her life no such urgency had been upon her.

"Promise! promise!" she cried, and the old man, with a look of awe into her face, knelt by her, and said, as he lifted his clasped hands:

"Before God, I promise."

Miss Pencook's action, decisive always, was quickly taken. The old man should not be seen again till his appearance had so altered that neither he nor she need feel shame on that score. Needs were easily supplied, and the transformation extended to Joe, who passed, with dazed delight and confusion through the hands of bather and barber, into a suit provided by the tailor who had been called in to take the order, which must be filled before the return journey could begin. Even a

day restored some traces of the presence that had once been noble and commanding. The figure, bowed with shame, lifted itself once more, and though no art could remove the traces left by evil habit, it was easier to fancy them the result of disease rather than of life-long self-indulgence.

Every power in Elizabeth was bent to the one end of reaching Strotherston again with no chance of temptation or possible return of the old possession. Joe cooperated with a quick recognition of the need of both, and through the journey was their silent but most devoted attendant, moving as if in some strange but blessed dream, that could only end in increased felicity. The same spell was upon his charge, who followed Elizabeth like a child, and obeyed the slightest hint of wish or intention. Day after day, as they journeyed by slow stages homeward, his real self showed itself more and more. In that supreme moment when the white-heat of a heaven-sent purpose had fused every baser element in Elizabeth's soul, his, too, had shared in the same visitation, and he had risen, if not beyond temptation, far beyond its further power to bind. Age and weakness were his strongest external aids, and as they drew nearer the journey's end, Elizabeth felt that her sharpest anxiety was over, and for the first time reflected what effect this home-coming must have upon her own life.

Through the days that followed, this was always in her mind. Jane had hailed her with delight, and though filled with dark suspicions of Joe, limited their expression to Elizabeth alone. The Pencook house was thrown open and Strotherston flocked in, to meet with astonishment the somewhat infirm but most courteous old gentleman, introduced quietly as:

"My grandfather, Judge Pencook."

Strotherston was divided in its views, but all united in believing that only some freak of the late Dr. Pencook had stood in the way of his stating the desirable nature of the stock from which he had evidently sprung. Miss Pencook in the meantime went her way quietly, and settled into something of the same routine that had filled her life in the early days after her father's death. Her grandfather was content to follow her lead, and read or walked or rode as she desired, content to sit hours at a time before the crackling fire, lost in the torpor of failing powers.

Chief among her new adherents was Mrs. Strothers the elder, who saw in every weakness an aristocratic infirmity, and feeling that she had erred in her interference, hastened to spread the report that Judge Pencook had been living for many years abroad, and thus separated from the family to which he was devotedly attached.

Elizabeth looked at her wistfully. Full knowledge belonged only to one. If discovery of his real life were made, she should admit it all with such composure as she could. In the meantime Dr. John alone had faintest right to the whole. Once thoroughly established at home, she wrote to him minutely every detail

of her search and its result—every shade of her own folly and weakness, and her fixed determination to atone for it all in the way made plain before her.

"I have not changed in what was best in me," she ended. "But it is plain that we are set apart. My one duty now is to the grandfather I have at last found, and whom I love with a tenderness that I can hardly understand myself. But it is very plain that his fate divides you and me. I meant to bring you honor no less than you could give, and bear instead a double-dyed disgrace for the past and a danger for any future. And so we will say good-by, to meet as friends when we do meet, and with only a blessing from my deepest soul for all the patience and tenderness I have had from you, and a wish for better happiness than I could ever have given."

Up to this point Elizabeth had written quietly, borne on by the strength of her own purpose, but now she dropped the pen and burst into an agony of tears. It was all over. Her own act had ended it. Nothing else was possible, and yet—how she loved him!

The door opened softly. She did not move. If it was her grandfather, whom she had thought riding with Joe, he would think her asleep, and steal away. The step came nearer, her hands were taken, and, as she sprang up in terror, she was folded close to Dr. John's breast.

"No, no!" she cried, struggling away. "There it all is! I have told you everything. Read it and then you will know how impossible it all is."

Dr. John had not spoken. He sat down now, and took the closely written sheets from her hand. Elizabeth shut her eyes, and tried not to think. In a few minutes it would be over. He would leave her quietly as he had come, and then the real living would begin—empty, desolate, save for the one work she had to do. There were six sheets she knew, and she counted them as he turned, with a sick throb of the heart, as the last one was reached. She did not turn as he rose and came toward her till she felt his arms about her, and found him kneeling by her side, with eyes that held certainly something like tears, but as certainly a determination that she felt in every nerve.

"It is all over, poor child," he said, "and now you and I will attend to your discovery together."

What need is there for further detail of Miss Pencook's protestations and Dr. Strother's inflexibility? It is sufficient for us that time settled the question in the only way it could well have found solution. A little weaker, a little more lost in dreams each day, there came one in which Grandfather Pencook made no answer to any call, but showed, as they lifted his drooping head, a face in which awe and wonder and delight had set their seal.

All Strotherston followed him to the grave, and all Strotherston, three months later, flocked with a deeper interest to the little church near which he rested, and in which Miss Pencook's chief problem was thoroughly and finally solved.



IN JUNE.

In the summer meadows, very fair and sweet,
Stood my love; the clover blossomed at her feet:

The skies above were cloudless,
The little birds in tune,
All nature seemed rejoicing
In the delight of June.

In her hand a flower—a white Marguerite,
And her red curved lips the daisy-charm repeat.

The flower in fingers,
Was scarce more fair than they.
As she plucked off the petals
To learn her fate that day.

"Dear, why seek the flower? There's a way more sweet,"

I said. For answer I saw the quick heart beat,
And kissed her unforbidden—

(Was she so glad as I?)
The daisy dropped, forgotten;
A humming bee flew by.

O the summer shining! Did June ever greet
Nature in a mood so bright, so rare, so fleet?

My love and I together,
My arms about her wound—
In the whole glad world that day
Were happier lovers found?

Ah, that Junes should leave us! Then came July's heat,
And ere winter-time, with wild white storm and sleet,

My love and I were parted—
Alas, the bitter need!
God knows, not I, the reason,
But God takes little heed.

Yet, perchance, He knoweth when we two shall meet,
If in field, or church, or crowded city street.

But surely as June daisies
Bloom white and gold as then,
Somewhere, somehow, my darling
I shall know my love again.

DOROTHY HOLROYD.

THE HOUSEHOLD—"STEPPIN' REOUND."

CHANGE for the better has been so much the case in every respect, legal and social, affecting the position of women as bread-winners, that we are coming to think her disabilities a thing of the past, and even to distrust the occasional outbursts of resentment, or the charge of injustice, heard at intervals from one and another. Popular sentiment has altered. The woman who has been thoroughly trained for any avocation, and who does her work quietly and well, has small complaint to make. For such, success is certain, and in the mass of those "out of work" her chance of obtaining place is quite as good as that of the man in the same position.

The army of fairly paid women workers swells month by month, and the fact has ceased to surprise or to excite any but the most favorable comment. So far as surface observation goes, the opportunity so long desired would seem to have come in full, and believing this, the temptation is to distrust any statement to the contrary.

It is in no spirit of discontent with present results that appeal is made for another class, equally earnest, yet seldom regarded as such. How shall the public mind be made to feel that the woman who has no fixed avocation, but who gives herself to the work of the household, is also an earner? This fact is ignored by even steadfast upholders of woman's right to earn where she can and how she can, and, to the great majority of men, such work is simply, as the contemptuous Yankee summed it up, "Nothin' in creation but jest a steppin' reound." Board and lodging, with a usually very inadequate supply of clothing, are the utmost that such services are regarded as worth. The law gives such service to the husband as his right, yet where the same labor is performed by a hired servant, wages, and liberal ones, too, are considered well earned. Yet the man who would pay these wages unquestioningly to any one outside of his own family will talk lugubriously of his heavy expenses "supporting a wife."

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What are the actual facts as to the amount of work done by the average American woman? In the large cities and towns it is comparatively easy to secure servants, and we are apt to judge the status of women in this respect by the ease and freedom of city life. Yet certain statistics recently given in a prominent daily paper show that nothing can be more misleading than such judgment: "In 1880 there were in the United States, according to the census, 9,945,916 families, and only 1,075,855 domestic servants. Thus only about one family in nine could keep a servant, even if no family kept more than one. The great majority of wives do their own work. The law which requires a husband to support his wife, therefore, is not 'more than just' to the wife, since it entitles him to a full equivalent. If there are wives who do not furnish the equivalent, there are also husbands who do not furnish the support.

The same article gives an illustration of cases which are far more frequent than the casual reader imagines. "In a Massachusetts country town an old farmer died childless and without a will, leaving little or no property except his farm. The widow was over eighty years of age. She had done the housework for some fifty years, had cared for two daughters till they died of consumption, and had nursed her husband through years of helpless invalidism. After his death the law entitled her to the life use of a third of the farm. She could neither farm the land nor eat it, and the life interest of a woman over eighty years old would not sell for more than a trifle. She had to go to the poorhouse, where she soon died insane. Not long after another farmer died childless and without a will. The heirs were avaricious. They grudged the widow her third. They discovered and proved a flaw in her marriage, which she had never suspected, but which invalidated the ceremony. They were not obliged to give her anything, and did not propose to do so. It was a hard case. The judge advised her to bring a bill for

her services. She had done the dead man's housework, the ordinary hard work of a farmer's wife, for years. She had also been "supported;" but with the discovery that she was not a married woman, came the discovery that her board and lodging alone were not an equivalent for her labor. She brought in a bill for her services accordingly at the rate of \$4 a week. The court allowed the claim. It took all the property to pay it, and the greedy heirs got nothing."

The poor-farm of many a town—indeed it would be safe to say every town—holds always one, and often more than one, such case as that given in the first instance. Every modification of law making it easier for the successful woman, has, of course, its indirect bearing on the position of all women. Now and then it may even happen, as now and then it does, that for the woman it will be more—for the man, less than just, but such instances can never outweigh the fact, that for the majority justice has not even begun. Women themselves are chiefly, though most innocently, in fault. Abnegation has been the life of most good women, and will be in degree so long as human life holds the need for abnegation, but justice is still an unfamiliar word, whether for oneself or others. That self-interest and selfishness often wear this mask is true, but none the less it is also true that till self-justice has been learned, justice to others is impossible. As makers and molders of men, it is for women to teach their boys what they owe to women; their girls what they owe to themselves, and thus in time the balance will swing true, and "steppin' round," come to have more significance than at present it holds or can hold.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

Women at Work.

THE editor of the Household Department has long desired to slightly enlarge its borders, and while still giving full place to home interests, include the wider world in which so many women have made for themselves worthy and honored place. Space is too limited for more than a glance at results, but hereafter each month will give a short record of the most distinctive work accomplished since the last issue. Every prominent journal and magazine has now on its editorial staff a woman, whose office it is to feel the pulse of the movement for the general advancement of women, and to define her own view of its nature and probable results. Such record does not necessarily include the "strong-minded" tendency deplored by conservative men and timid women. Without stopping to argue the justice or injustice of this phrase, it is safe to assume that all women who think at all, desire progress for women; better knowledge, better lives in every way. To this end the women of the press are working with a unanimity of purpose and a sense of what is needed, that is in itself an inspiration, and the next meeting of the Woman's Congress will have a report from Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, on "Women in Journalism." Her desire is to see established "a national journalistic committee or bureau, whereby all women connected with the press can be kept informed of educational, philanthropic, temperance and suffrage meetings and movements, and can work to a better advantage for the general interests of women."

No one who has failed to follow the methods of these various departments, and obtain from week to week an accurate sense of the thousand directions in which women are doing efficient and often brilliant work, can realize how immensely the course of thought has altered, and what opportunity lies now before every woman who has ambition and energy enough to use it. Those who have weathered the storms of the earlier and more uncertain period, and marked out the course for present and future

navigators, are the ones from whom strength and courage may be drawn, and once a month the names and doings of such, as well as those of later workers, shall find brief record in a column, which could hardly have had existence save for the labor that first opened the doors for woman's entrance into journalism. In medicine she has found equally firm footing, and if Philadelphia denies her right to become a member of the medical societies, Iowa is of a different mind, having sent as delegate to the American Medical Association, which met in Washington, May 5th, Dr. Jennie McCowan, of Davenport, Iowa, whose brilliant record entitles her to the recognition she has received. Other names may occur as worthy of mention, but the purpose of this column will be to chronicle representative work rather than that of numbers.

The highest prize attainable to the English musical students, the Mendelssohn scholarship, of which Sir Arthur Sullivan was the first holder, has been won by Miss Mary Wurm, of Southampton, and now plumbing is to have an expounder in Mrs. Thomas L. Plunkett, of Pittsfield, Mass., who has in press a work entitled "Women, Doctors and Plumbers." She is the first, if not the only American woman, whose name has received honorable mention from the British Royal Association of Science, having been a close student of domestic sanitary science in every branch, and being an especial authority on sewers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"We have seen floating about in the weekly papers a paragraph entitled 'Ten Follies,' which was so sensible that we intended to save it for constant reference. It is always the paper that one wants most that lights the morning fire, and our paragraph is *non est*. Has it ever come in your way, and can you reproduce it?"
H. G. M. MANDARIN, Florida."

The paragraph has waited in the Household pigeon-hole for just such a demand, and covers the ground of many causes of ill-health:

TEN FOLLIES.

First.—To think the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

Second.—To think the more hours children study at school the faster they learn.

Third.—To conclude that if exercise is healthful, the more violent or exhausting it is the more good it is doing.

Fourth.—To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Fifth.—To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

Sixth.—To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to mere interior effects. The "soothing syrup," for example, does stop the cough of children, and arrests diarrhoea, only to cause—a little later—alarming convulsions, or more fatal inflammation on the brain or water on the brain; or, at least, always protracts the disease.

Seventh.—To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

Eighth.—To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried on yourself, or without special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

Ninth.—To eat without any appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

Tenth.—To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

"We have heard of 'Cheese Cups,' as a new dish, and wonder just how they are made. Do tell us if you can.

"B. M. L., Savannah, Ga."

The form used in the Boston Cooking School is as follows: Cut six rounds from slices of bread with the biscuit-cutter, and take out a round from the center about half the depth of the slice, making a shape like a *paté*; toast and butter these rounds, and set where they will keep hot. Heat in the double boiler one-half a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of fine dry bread crumbs, three-quarters of a cup of dry, grated cheese and a little cayenne. When hot, add one egg well beaten, put a spoonful in each bread cup, and serve at once.

"ONIONS are said to be almost an essential in the spring. Is there any delicate way of cooking them?

"H. C. S., Farmington, Maine."

Many, but two will suffice, from the same authority as above: To make creamed onions, peel and boil the onions in boiling salted water, changing the water twice; this takes away the strong flavor of the vegetable, that part that is the most offensive and rank, and makes them more delicate to the taste, and much less marked in odor. When tender, put into a shallow dish, and pour a white sauce over them, made after the ordinary rule for drawn butter. Scalloped onions are made by scattering buttered crumbs on the top of the creamed onions and browning in the oven. Either way they are very delicious, and are a nice variation on the plain boiled onions.

"I WANT to recommend to the 'Household' two receipts I cut some time ago from a Western paper, and find most excellent.

MARY B., Newark, N. J."

Do you all know how to make cinnamon rolls? Take a piece of bread-sponge after it is quite light, pull off a piece a little larger than an egg. Roll not quite as thin as pie-crust, spread with butter, a generous layer of sugar and a sprinkle of cinnamon. Roll up and proceed in the same manner with the remainder, until your pan is packed full. Let stand until very light and bake, not too hard.

POTATO PIE.

Pare and grate one large white potato into a deep dish; add the grated rind and juice of one lemon, the white of one egg, well beaten, one teacup of cold water, one teacup of white sugar. Pour this into a plate lined with a nice crust and bake. When done, have ready the white of two eggs well beaten, with one-half cup of powdered sugar and a few drops of lemon extract. Pour this over the pie and return to the oven till of a rich brown color.

"It is hardly within the province of the 'Household' to answer questions on health, yet you often make suggestions in that direction. Our difficulty just now is in the matter of the children's sleeping or not sleeping together, and we want an opinion.

C. N. M., Deering, Maine."

A satisfactory answer would require too much room, but here is a paragraph much to the point, the statements in which may be accepted as correct. Somebody has said that more quarrels occur between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices in mechanics' shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes which their nervous systems undergo by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing, says the *Scientific American*, that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force than to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep

and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding, and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose.

"WILL you please give me some way of using cheese that has become too dry and hard for the table? May I also trouble you by asking what will remove rusted spots from steel?

"E. M. H., Binghamton, N. Y."

The best method with cheese when dry and hard is to grate it and keep in a glass jar or can. It may then be used for macaroni, Welsh rarebits, etc. For the latter, an American form is as follows: One teacupful of milk, one teaspoonful of butter, one saltspoonful of salt and quarter one of cayenne pepper, or the same amount of mustard, if preferred; one teacupful of grated cheese, one egg. Beat the milk and seasoning; add the cheese, and last, the egg. Cook one minute, and serve on slices of toast as a lunch or supper dish. If the spots of rust have been on some time, it is doubtful if they can be removed save by a regular cutler. Otherwise persistent polishing with crocus powder or fine emery will do it, though they injure the steel somewhat.

"WILL you give me, through the columns of your paper, a recipe for a fillet of beef—what cut, how to prepare and cook? I have tried a number of the recipes given in *THE CONTINENT*, and they have always proved a decided success.

"SUBSCRIBER, Detroit."

The fillet is the under side of the loin of beef—or tender loin. It is very expensive when ordered from a caterer, being about ten dollars for one of say four pounds. To order it from a butcher direct costs one dollar a pound, three pounds being enough for ten or twelve people. If prepared at home, all the skin and fat must be removed from the top of the fillet from one end to the other; then the rib-bones are disengaged. The fat adhering to the side opposite the ribs is only partially removed. Remove all the sinewy skin, very carefully slipping the blade of a sharp knife between it and the beef. Have it smoothly trimmed, lard the upper surface if liked; put some bits of suet in a baking pan, lay the fillet on them, sprinkle with salt and pepper, put a cup of boiling water or of stock in the pan, baste often and cook half an hour in a hot oven. Make a smooth gravy from the water in pan thickened with a little flour, and with part of a can of mushrooms chopped and added, if liked.

"You will greatly oblige a subscriber who has every issue of *THE CONTINENT*, and would not be without it, by answering the following questions:

1. May a bride wear a white India silk dress to church the last week in September?
2. Is it customary or right to offer a fee to any but the officiating minister, other ministers being present?
3. Should "At Home" cards be sent out when the wedding is a quiet one, no wedding cards having been used, and no formal reception to be held?
4. If not, how may the parties best advise friends of the event and open the way for friends to call?
5. Is it now customary to send "Bride's Cake" to friends?

"E. Y. M., Baltimore, Md."

1. Yes, if the weather be still sufficiently warm.
2. No.
3. Cards are the simplest and most convenient method of making such announcement.
4. By personal note to each.
5. No. The cake is cut at reception and pieces taken by any one who desire it. No law, however, is binding in such cases, it having been quite proper to send if one wished it.

MIGMA.

WITH the next number of *THE CONTINENT* we shall begin the publication of a serial story of the most absorbing interest. The history of its production and publication are peculiar—almost romantic. Something like a year ago the writer was shown, under the strictest pledge of secrecy, the manuscript of a novel which delineated with rare power the influence of the mania for speculation upon public and private morals. So vivid was its realism that there could be no doubt that the author of it had witnessed the very scenes which he described, or their essential counterparts. Yet its literary quality was so high that it was hardly credible that the busy man who asked an opinion of its merits was in truth its author. The intimacy of his knowledge with scenes of the character portrayed was well known, and that, despite his active and overburdened life, he had a rare faculty for observing and analyzing the events of which he was a part, and possessed a literary taste and culture which might well justify work of the highest value. The editor endeavored at that time to secure the manuscript for publication, but all offers were rejected with an emphasis that forbade their repetition. The impression received at that time was that the author intended to keep it by him for final revision, work it over and over, and leave it for publication after his death, as a sole *magnum opus* which should attest to the world the existence of powers which neither his business associates nor his political *confrères* had ever dreamed that he possessed. In the height of the recent panic, however, we received one morning a proposition for the purchase of this manuscript at a sum stated, on condition that its authorship should not be disclosed. The offer was promptly accepted, and with the next number of *THE CONTINENT* its readers will begin the perusal of "ON A MARGIN—THE STORY OF A HOPELESS PATRIOT." This work is so unique in its character that opinions are bound to vary widely in regard to its merits, though none can doubt its force, or the fact that the writer speaks with the knowledge derivable only from personal experience. Whether the events of the panic had anything to do with the author's change of heart in regard to its publication is not to the point. The circumstances attending its purchase are those detailed, and the reader has the same opportunity for drawing conclusions therefrom as ourselves. Of one thing the readers of *THE CONTINENT* may be assured, the work contains a series of pictures of American life which no one who reads it will ever be able to forget. The "bulls" and "bears" of Wall Street may wince at its truthful realism, and the honest citizen may blush for the political corruption—methods of which are so well set forth therein—but no one will doubt its substantial verity. Through it all, too, there runs a pathos that reminds one, in its tender hopelessness, of Tourgénéff, and an accuracy of detail and mental analysis that brings to the mind the work of Balzac. This, at least, is the impression produced by the perusal of the work in manuscript. Since our first reading we are assured that the entire story has been re-written, and in many respects it has certainly been greatly improved.

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"No," said a business man who was approached by an advertising agent of *THE CONTINENT* the other day, "I do not wish to advertise in any journal that circu-

lates chiefly among the 'abolitionists.' I take it they are the principal ones that read Judge Tourgée's books or his magazine either." It is strange how long an epithet like this retains its force, but there are some minds which never learn that the world moves. There are genuine Bourbons among the business men of the North as well as on the plantations of the South. The man who made this remark had probably never read five pages of the volumes to which he referred, nor of *THE CONTINENT* either, but his father, or, perhaps, his grandfather, hated abolitionists, and he inherited the prejudice from them. Most people think the term has lost its force, that the distinction which it signifies is a thing of the past, but prejudice lives long after facts are forgotten.

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THE wrath of the contributor whose work is not found available sometimes assumes a ludicrous form. Instance the following effusion recently received by the editor of *THE CONTINENT*:

"I have, by this morning's post, received my poem, 'The Flower Garden,' returned by you. By returning it you have lost one subscriber for your journal, *THE CONTINENT*. It is a poem which has astonished and delighted many, and been favorably criticised by three European professors (privately, of course.) I thank you for your want of common sense as regards poetry.

"ISABELLA T."

The "poem" astonished our Reader, too, as no doubt it did the three "European professors" who had privately criticised it before. We think it would have surprised our patrons if they had seen it. In fact it would have astonished almost anybody, except, of course, the author. It is just our misfortune to have missed not only this gem of English poesy, but the possible subscriber. We have probably "lost" a great many such subscribers—that is, those we might have had—for "Isabella" is not upon our list. We are very sorry she feels so badly about it, but she doesn't feel half so badly as we should if we had published the poem. She had nothing in the world to be angry about. We treated her just the same as all writers are treated. Her poem may have been the best ever written, but for some reason it did not meet our wants. She offered us her wares; we politely declined. Why should she feel offended? As well might a merchant insult every visitor to his store who does not buy.

It was not our fault if her poem did not please us. Perhaps it did please us, and we were too poor to buy such a marvel. It matters not what the reason, we treated her politely, and the fact that she is a woman does not entitle her to vent her anger upon us. We hope she will learn better than to attempt to kick every editor who kindly reads and politely returns what he cannot use, either because he does not appreciate it, or has too much of a poorer quality on hand.

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THE following pertinent strictures upon one of the "Too True for Fiction" series comes from one of our Wisconsin readers:

"The story in *THE CONTINENT* for May 14th, 'A Matter-of-Fact Man,' provokes me to criticism. I read it on Saturday with a great deal of enjoyment, some-

times laughing and sometimes in a state bordering on both laughter and tears; read it unquestionably as a good story, consistent with itself whether with truth or not, until, at the very end comes a complete disillusionment. It seems as if the author does not mean it for such, but if not, it seems to me he lacks artistic perception. When he makes the matter-of-fact man in the closing scene fly at the throat of the real criminal and call him an infernal scoundrel for dragging him back from the gate of Paradise, he throws him entirely out of character. If he had been wrought up to a high nervous tension that might do, but he has eaten and slept, he has been the simple, devoted matter-of-fact Methodist, who was dying not of ecstatic longing, but because he thought the Lord hadn't seen fit to deliver him. He suddenly becomes a theatrical pretender—a regular stage ranter. If the author had made him refer to Daniel or the three Hebrew children, or say that it appeared the Lord wasn't ready for him to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob at the supper of the Lamb, it would have been in perfect keeping; as it is, it is all turned into broad farce."

BY-THE-WAY, we must call the attention of our readers again to some of the conditions of our *grand prize competition*. All communications in regard to this must be distinctly marked, either upon the envelope or at the head of the letter inclosed, "*Grand Prize Competition*." If not so marked, the communication will be filed with the general competition for the lesser prizes. It should be remembered also that *no one is allowed to compete for the Grand Prize until he has forwarded the name of at least one new subscriber for one year, with the subscription at our regular rate, namely, Four Dollars*. After this condition has been complied with, all communications should refer to the name of the subscriber thus sent, in order that our clerks may know that the conditions of the competition have been complied with. We again repeat the caution that we reserve the privilege of closing the competition for the *Grand Prize* at any time. *After it is once closed, no other competitors will be allowed to enter*. Any one who desires to test his skill in the trial for this prize, therefore, will do well to make haste and forward us the name of a new subscriber, and thus properly enter the list of competitors. Note the conditions, secure the subscriber, and send in your name without delay.

THUS far only two out of the whole number of competitors have succeeded in naming correctly the authors of the stories that have appeared. One of these is a Massachusetts school-teacher, and the other a farmer's boy in Minnesota. If they continue as successfully as they have begun, and others succeed no better than those who have already entered, they will receive *five hundred dollars apiece* at the close of the competition. Every mail, however, brings numerous competitors, a considerable number of whom have only made one guess. Of these, between forty and fifty are correct. The interest which this competition has awakened is very great; the idea of a prize to the *readers* instead of the *writers* of a story being entirely new. Unless, however, one thousand names are entered for the competition by the first day of July, it will be closed on that date. Of course the fewer the competitors the larger the prize to each of the successful ones. Probably almost every one of our readers whenever the competition closes, will wish they had made a little more

exertion and become entitled to compete with the rest. The opportunity, however, is only to those who are sufficiently interested to qualify themselves to participate. We have made the offer in good faith, and its terms will be strictly fulfilled. It costs nothing to enter the lists, since THE CONTINENT itself is well worth the price of subscription.

MR. WALTER BESANT has stirred up considerable discussion of his theories of fiction as laid down lately in a London lecture. He believes in steady work as thoroughly as Trollope ever did, but insists that the art of fiction can be taught only to those who have the gift for it. In France an opposite opinion prevails, and the elder Dumas established a school for fiction in which he taught pupils how to write novels indistinguishable from his own. The same thing is done at present in the *feuilletons* of many French papers, where noted names appear over novels modeled on their style, but the Anglo-Saxon mind has never seen the justice of such methods, and still feels that for poet or novelist is necessary some slight suggestion at least of inspiration. Mr. Andrew Lang comes to the front with a critique on the critic, though in the main he agrees heartily with Mr. Besant, who, it may be added, tells a story in very charming fashion, which seems to have lost nothing by the death of his old associate worker. "Mr. Besant," writes Mr. Lang, "added another to the many British stones (I have thrown a few myself) which encumber the cairn of the unfortunate Mr. Howells. This popular writer once said in his haste that 'all the stories have been told,' and implied that modern fiction (a finer art, he was good enough to add, than that of Thackeray) went in mainly for observation and analysis of character—for pictures of life, in short. Mr. Besant stood up as lustily as Mr. Louis Stevenson for the excellence of stories. We all wish both of them 'more power,' and are ready to welcome more stories as good as 'The New Arabian Nights' and 'This Son of Vulcan.' To my own taste, the story is the thing, and I prefer, for sheer sensual enjoyment, a book like 'Margot La Balafree' to all the Bostonian nymphs who ever rejected English dukes for psychological reasons. But, to be fair, it is a matter of taste. A novel is a picture of life; many people like the picture to represent still life, or, as the French put it, *nature morte*. All sorts of fiction, in fine, are good, except the wearisome sort. Story or no story, personal knowledge or mere guess-work, 'selection' or 'naturalism,' romance or realism, thieves' slang or picked adjectives—all are good if they amuse us, and waken, as Mr. Besant said, our sympathy with men, and take us out of ourselves and away from this world of trouble."

NOTHING was sadder in the anti-Semitic agitation in Germany than the effect produced on the sensitive soul of Berthold Auerbach, who, as is well known, died literally broken-hearted. His correspondence with a relative in Frankfort-on-the-Main has just been published, and covers many years of his life. There are pen-portraits of many distinguished writers living and dead, but the pages which will be read with most interest, in view of their result on his life, are those containing an account of a conversation between the Empress of Germany and himself. The Empress was supposed to be not altogether unfriendly to Herr Stoecker and his followers, and this distressed Auerbach, who wrote of the conversation which took place at the palace of the

Grand Duke of Baden: "I mentioned how deeply my soul was stirred by the Jew-baiting. It is no little thing to be told that one is no German and has no fatherland. This I have lived to hear, who for forty-six years have worked with all my powers for the German people and yield in patriotism to no one. They all acknowledged this, and the Grand Duchess said: 'Believe me, the agitation is confined to Berlin.' 'And even there it will soon pass away,' the Empress remarked; 'in Berlin plants shoot up over night and disappear the next day without having taken root. And you see, the thing is virtually over, or at least rapidly disappearing.' I had to contradict her, and repeated that the Court was probably not aware how great was the desolation of hearts and the perversion of all sense of justice. The Empress answered: 'We certainly shall always keep up our relations with old friends—aside from you who are not only a friend, but a poet—and shall always show it.'"

THE *Medical Record* for April 19th contains a remarkable paper, by Dr. Frank Baker, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Georgetown, D. C., which, far from belonging solely to the professional reader, appeals as strongly to the laity. It is an appeal for a rational method of teaching anatomy. This science has thus far held closely to the lines laid down for it by sixteenth century anatomists, and, while admitting the necessity of new methods in every other phase of medical study, refuses to believe that anatomy comes under the same law. Following accepted methods arbitrarily, memory is the only faculty brought into play. It is an art that is learned, not a science, and there being no comprehensive grasp of the thing, as a whole, details slip away and not one in a hundred recalls even essential points, after the first necessity for memory has passed. Plato has accounted for this as clearly as he has for most other traits and tendencies in human kind, "A freeman ought to be a freeman in the acquisition of knowledge. Bodily exercise, when compulsory, does no harm, but knowledge that is acquired by compulsion has no hold on the mind." The anatomical student who has believed that the mysteries of being were to be made clearer, has expected "to have some corner of the shrouding-veil of Isis uplifted," has been "put off with the husks of dimensions and relations of structures as shown in the cadaver that is not deader than the method that describes it." There is no space for the quotation so well deserved. Logical, philosophical, witty, and suggestive, the paper is one of the most notable of the many notable ones that this admirable journal has given, and ought to have a wide reading, if only as another indication of the tendency to make common sense take the place of blind adherence to methods owning no other recommendation than their antiquity.

Rules for Killing Campaign Speakers.

THE Presidential campaign will soon begin, and it is very desirable that all committee-men and others having charge of public meetings, the care of stump speakers, etc., should read carefully the following suggestions:

1. If the speaker arrives before the hour of meeting, be sure that he has something to occupy his attention fully till the time arrives for him to speak.

2. It is very demoralizing to allow the speaker to go

to a hotel and sleep while a procession is forming and the preliminary parade taking place.

3. It is much better to take him to a private house and introduce him to as many curious patriots as can be mustered to meet him. He is very anxious to know them all by name, and has nothing else to do.

4. If he has been speaking every day and traveling every night for a month or so, be sure and meet him with a full brass band, escort him to his lodgings, and ask him to "make a few remarks" before he has time to get the dust out of his throat. It will keep his hand in and amuse him wonderfully.

5. As soon as the meeting is over rush him off to a reception or something of the sort, and if he has to take the train during the night have a committee appointed to sit up with him till it arrives. He will be chock-full of funny stories, and anxious to get them off.

6. If the meeting is to be out of doors, contrive to have the stand so arranged that the speaker will face the wind. He will then be able to hear what the audience say, whether they hear his remarks or not. If his throat is a little raw he will have to vary the programme with a fit of coughing now and then. This will give a chance for the band to play and for the chairman to make announcements.

7. Put as many of the audience behind the speaker as you can, and then locate a mixed colony of small boys and exhilarating patriots close about his feet. It will give him something to think about to keep bootheels off their fingers, and avoid knocking them over in his climacteric moments.

8. If your meeting is in a hall, see that all possible means are employed to exclude the outer air—draughts are very dangerous to public speakers. Besides that, a lack of fresh air will prevent his passing too many good stopping-places.

9. In 1880 a citizen of a little Indiana town invented a portable stage or platform, which was merely a little eight-by-ten booth with flaring sides, a sloping roof, and inaccessible except from the front. It had handles at each end, so that four men could pick it up and carry it anywhere. It would only hold half a dozen or so besides the speaker. It was always set with its back part to the wind. The audience had to get in front in order to see or hear the speaker. It served the purpose of a sounding-board, and so multiplied the volume of sound that an ordinary speaker could be heard by any sort of an audience. This curious machine was donated to the use of both parties in the town, and was occupied by every speaker there during the campaign. It was so ridiculously convenient and comfortable, that every orator who tried it wanted to talk all night. It was estimated that it must have cost as much as five dollars, which was about the price of two votes—just worse than wasted. A man who wanted to be the next candidate of his party for President, and who had broken down after four or five days' campaigning, said he could stand it a year if they would let him speak every day from such a stand and sleep every other night. The man who invented this died soon after the close of the campaign—of remorse, as is generally believed. Should any of your fellow-townsmen be inclined to follow his example, "shoot him on the spot!"

10. This is the sum of the whole matter: Remember that the stump-speaker has no rights that any one is bound to respect. He loves dust, and noise, and sunshine,

and storm, and wind, and a crowd, and never requires any rest.

If these suggestions are faithfully followed by all committee-men, at least a hundred of the best stump-speakers on each side may be fitted for a change of worlds before election-day.

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"The Continent" Prize Essays.

THE CONTINENT will give the sums specified below for the best essays on the following subjects. The offers are open until a selection is made. The essays to be from four to six thousand words each :

- Unrestricted Importation as a Remedy for Over-manufacture. \$100.
- The Food Supply of the World and Where it Comes From, and How it Compares with the Demand, \$40.
- Different Kinds of Poll-tax and a Justification of its Policy—or the Contrary. \$50.
- Cumulative Taxation the Only Equal Taxation, \$60.
- The Western Union Telegraph Company—its Extent, Value and What we Pay for its Maintenance. \$75.
- The Effect of an Over-Production of Wheat and the Probability of its Occurrence. \$40.
- Why the Modern Christian goes Up-town to Church and Down-town to Business—or Why Business and Religion Get so Far Apart? \$60.
- Why the Church Builds a Hundred Thousand Dollar House for its Saints and Tries to Catch Sinners in a Thousand Dollar Mission-Trap? \$50.
- The Value of Our Church Property—With a Discussion of the Policy and Righteousness of Restricting Such Property to Use for Worship Only. \$30.
- How Can the Negro be Made a Safe and Reliable Factor in Our Government Without Education? \$100.
- The Average Fortune of Our Senators is Said by an Authority that Claims to be Reliable to be Two Million Dollars Each. What is the Probable Effect of This? \$40.
- Is it True that the Rich Man has a Greater Stake in the Country than a Poor Man? \$50.
- Can a Man be a Christian and *Not* be an Active Politician in a Republic? \$50.
- Wherein a Gambler in Stocks is Any Better than a Man who "Bucks the Tiger"? \$30.
- Why is a Train-wrecker Put in the Penitentiary, and a Railroad-wrecker Considered a Solid Business Man. \$25.
- As Four-fifths of Our People must always Live by Manual Labor, why should the State pay so much to Train the Brain and so little to Train the Eye and Hand? \$50.

These essays to be published anonymously as "Prize Essays," but the names of all the authors in the series to be published collectively, if the editor sees fit to do so. These prizes are offered in good faith, and will be paid when a selection is made from those received. The titles given are merely suggestions of the subjects we desire to discuss. We propose to have more such from time to time. We mean to have the best thought on live questions. If none of the articles received are satisfactory, the prizes will not be awarded. Manuscripts not accepted will be returned, if stamps are enclosed for that purpose.



THE life of Albert Gallatin¹ is interesting. Let any one who thinks this at first but faint praise try to remember how many biographies he has read for the pleasure of it, and not because he felt that he ought to know something about the distinguished person under consideration. It is true that any life of Gallatin, to give a clear idea of all his service to our country, must contain financial statistics that will be read perhaps only by those interested in finance as well as in great men; but Gallatin was so much besides a financier that the mere knowledge of how he rose to fame can but fascinate the general reader. Though the young Genevan, himself of good birth and some education, came to this country as "poor but honest" as any of the young men that have risen to eminence from humble position, his career was unique in not being due to ambition of any kind. To his latest day he was singularly free from even the ambition that is aspiration; his was a greatness "thrust upon" him, either by those who saw his fitness for high position before he himself had tried for it or cared for it, or by that inward impelling of the spirit that brings suddenly to the front in a national emergency the man-capable of speaking the right word at the moment without any conscious training for statesmanship or command. There is something cold-blooded in the ambition and the struggle even to be great and good. Spontaneous ability, like spontaneous virtue, has an inexpressible charm when lack of effort means, as it did in Gallatin, not neglect, but unconsciousness of his powers. There is something very "taking" in that first picture of the indolent young fellow stretched on the floor, almost under the very table where Washington was writing oblivious of his presence, looking up suddenly and giving the correct answer, done "in his head," to a problem that Washington had been puzzling over aloud, to receive first a "look that he never forgot" from the astonished chief, and, a little later, from that most just of gentlemen, the acknowledgment, "You are right, young man!"

His indolence, however, was not of the kind that shirks a duty it has undertaken. Once let his indifference to fame or position melt before his interest in an emergency or in a national problem, and no man was probably ever more truly thorough. The secret of his political success was his perfect knowledge of every subject which he had once become interested in investigating. If in times of trouble like that of the Whisky Insurrection, or of diplomatic negotiation as in regard to the Treaty of Ghent, he seemed born to command, it was not because of Napoleonic force in having his own way, but because of the keen vision or patient thought that discovered the best way, and the persuasive eloquence that made it recognized as the best. Happy the biographer with such a hero, and happy the hero with such a biographer! The life of such a man is of the greatest interest. We may question his theories; may doubt whether he was wise in his hatred of the army and dislike of the navy; may have to modify financial theories based on the fact, true in 1831 and until only a year before Mr. Gallatin's death, that "specie is a foreign product," and hesitate over his views for the use of sur-

(1) ALBERT GALLATIN. By John Austin Stevens, "American Statesmen Series." \$1.25, 16mo, pp. 403; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

plus funds in the Treasury; but the perfect integrity of the man is a lesson to us still, even if some of his wisdom was wisdom for a past generation. Let us commit to memory and lay to heart the public integrity that would have nothing of "statements" of expenditure and estimates for proximate wants, but demanded the most rigid of bookkeeping for the nation; and let us not forget the private integrity that made "strict appropriation" his motto for the household as well as for the Treasury. There is an amusing story that when he complained one day to his *maître d'hôtel* of a dinner served to his guests, the Frenchman told him it was not his fault, but that of the "mal-appropriations."

For those whose means cannot compass the larger gazetteers, nothing can be better than the compact "Globe Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," the fourth edition of which has just been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. A surprising amount of information is condensed into comparatively small space, and the thirty-two maps are clear and well-printed, as, indeed, is the entire volume. (12mo, pp. 462, \$2.50.)

MISS JOSEPHINE POLLARD has prepared the letter-press for "The Doré Gallery of Bible Stories," lately issued by John B. Alden. The cuts are effective and striking, and will tend to interest any child who turns them over. A slight sketch of Doré prefaces the book, and the volume includes the most striking phases of Bible history from its opening in Eden to the period of the Ascension. (Large quarto, cloth, \$2.00.)

THE founding of Rugby colony has resulted in one good thing for the reading public, as the experiences of Mr. Tom Hughes have been incorporated into a volume "Gone to Texas," or letters from three boys who are seeking their fortune in a new country. The letters are written to friends at home, and give every detail of life from the ways of the people they meet to modes of working and the wages received.

THE growing taste for amateur photography, a pastime now made easy by the dry-plate process, has called out a hand-book by Mr. D. J. Tapley, well known as an enthusiastic amateur and writer on the subject. "Amateur Photography," announced for immediate publication by S. W. Green's Son, of New York, will be profusely illustrated. Great care has been taken to make the instructions clear and full. This is believed to be the only book of the kind by an American writer not issued in the interest of some dealer in photographers' materials.

If it be a fact, as has been asserted, that catarrh is the American birthright, a climatic tendency passed on to every comer to our shores, nothing more clearly explanatory of its conditions could be asked than Dr. Kitchen's little manual, "Catarrh, Sore-Throat and Hoarseness." Methods of treatment, conditions necessary for health, and full description of the anatomy of the throat, are given, and the little volume will be found useful both to the professional and the non-professional reader. (Square 16mo, pp. 80, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

GINN, HEATH & Co. have added to their "Classics for Children" Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Quentin Durward," with a historical introduction and explanatory foot notes by Miss Yonge, whose work as editor seems to have been faithfully done. The romance was an established favorite with the last generation, and should be equally so for this, though debilitated power of attention is the result of the flood of literature for children, which has not only turned away attention from standard authors, but weakened interest in anything above sensationalism. (Boards, 16mo, pp. 312, 45 cents.)

THE writers of fiction who have been assured that all plots have been exhausted, and that nothing remains but combinations of old material, may take courage from Mr. Besant's recent lecture on "The Art of Fiction." In this he entirely repudiated Mr. Howell's theory that there are no more stories to tell, and that all that remains is to analyze character, though later on he seems to coincide with him, as he states that the novelist must confine himself to what he knows from his own personal experience, thus, apparently, leaving out imagination altogether.

MR. LABOUCHERE, in some reminiscences of Charles Reade, speaks of his instant recognition of merit wherever found. "On one occasion, the girl playing a small servant's part had to be on the stage, whilst another was fondling a doll which represented her offspring. Charles Reade was narrowly watching the by-play, and the next day the girl received a little bracelet from him, accompanied by a note congratulating her upon the affectionate manner in which she had glanced at the doll, and telling her that if she only persevered in playing the smallest parts with feeling, she would live to be a great actress."

THE volume in which various musical papers by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, are collected under the title of "My Musical Memories," contains one chapter of real value and interest, that on "Old Violins." For the rest, one could easily dispense with much that would have more appropriate place in the journal of a gushing girl of sixteen. Is the musical soul so pre-eminently above all other souls in sensitiveness, and if it is, is it worth while for the public to know all the agonies, small and great, endured in its contact with this unmusical world? For those who will answer yes, the book will "meet a long felt want." For the rest it has small place or purpose. (Cloth, 12mo, pp. 283, \$1.00; Standard Library; Funk & Wagnalls.)

THE *Current* notes the fact that "American journalists are making their mark in Paris and introducing new ideas in Parisian journalistic circles by the publication of the *Morning News*, and its French edition, *Le Matin*, which has a circulation of 150,000 copies. The Parisian newspaper, with its frightfully exaggerated and black title, bad arrangement of matter, and sprawling editorials, can be vastly improved by the fine American hand, and that is what Mr. Chamberlin and his associates are doing. *Le Matin* has among its contributors such distinguished writers as Paul de Cassagnac, Alexandre Dumas, Jules Valles. *Le Matin* will show the French journalists how to set forth local news—an art which they do not seem to fully comprehend."

MR. RUSKIN, in a recent letter, gives his view of men of science in his own peculiar fashion, but with a power of insight that cannot be denied. "The majority of our men of science," he writes, "have no soul for anything beyond dynamics, the laws of chemistry, and the like. They cannot appreciate the beauties of nature, and they regard the imaginative man—one who can feel the poetry of life—as a donkey regards his rider: as an objectionable person whom he must throw off if he possibly can. Such a man is Tyndall. The real scientific man is one who can embrace not only the laws that be, but who can feel to the full the beauty and truth of all that nature has to show, as the Creator has made them. Such a man was Von Humboldt; such a man was Linnæus; such a man was Sir Isaac Newton."

"WITH ROD AND LINE IN COLORADO" bears the imprint of Chain, Hardy & Co., Denver. Its authorship does not appear on the title page, but it is understood to be an open secret in Denver that L. B. France is responsible. The little book comprises a series of sporting sketches, which every lover of rod and line will read with enjoyment. The author has the knack of relating his ad-

ventures with a pleasing vivacity, and while the book can hardly be regarded as a fisherman's guide to Colorado it is instinct with the breath of the woods and mountains, and contains a deal of charming description. The illustrations are, to say the least, amateurish, and are badly printed. There is an outline map of Northwestern Colorado, which, taken in connection with the text, may prove useful to anyone who is contemplating a summer camping tour in that inviting country.

THE little book made up in the dainty and careful fashion of the many devotional volumes which have come from the press of A. D. F. Randolph is burdened by a title which will deter many more worldly readers from opening it, "The Yoke of Christ in the Duties and Circumstances of Life," by Anthony W. Thorold, D. D., so far from being a didactic and heavy treatise on religious obligations, is really a set of quietly charming essays on "Illness," "Letter-Writing," "Friends," "Money," "The Loss of Friends," and "Marriage." They are full of shrewd observation, which is yet always of the gentlest and sweetest tone, and while distinctly religious in character, are never morbid or sentimental, both of which adjectives must sometimes be applied to the semi-devotional literature of the day. (Square 18mo, pp. 365, \$1.25.)

THERE seems to be no doubt in the minds of scholars as to the entire genuineness of the recently discovered document, the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," a translation of which comes from Charles Scribner's Sons. Hamaek the most notable authority living writes of it: "There is in it that peculiar quality which a scholar will recognize, which is beyond forgery. It contains so much which is unexpected and fresh, and yet which harmonizes so admirably with everything before known, and it is so simple, so consistent, that the most accomplished scholar could not have forged it, and certainly not a member of the Greek Church. No trick is possible in the treatise." The "Teachings" are short and simple, and in full accord with the spirit of the gospels, many of the gospel precepts being reproduced almost literally. The work is a most important event in theological circles and of interest even to the general reader. (Paper, pp. 37, 50 cents.)

THE title of the bulky volume, "Thirty Thousand Thoughts," lately issued by Funk & Wagnalls in their list of theological works, gives very little clue to its real nature. It is really a manual of Christian evidence, the "Thoughts" being selected passages bearing on the five sections into which the work is divided. A careful introduction by Dean Howson defines and commends its scope, and the volume must prove of great value to theological as well as Biblical students. (8vo, pp. 539, \$2.50.) From the same publishers comes "Pulpit and Grave," a series of funeral discourses, with hints for addresses, and on every point of funeral etiquette. Presumably there is place for such a volume, though the layman will instinctively desire at his own funeral services a minister with warm human sympathy enough to need no printed directions for expression. (8vo, pp. 365, \$1.50.) "A Manual for Revivals" has something of the same flavor, but may have its uses. (12mo, pp. 332, \$1.25.)

THE little pamphlet containing the Rev. Dr. Hague's address on "Ralph Waldo Emerson," read before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, will be accepted by the majority of orthodox readers as the verdict which the Christian world must necessarily pass upon him. It is in many points singularly appreciative and just, yet he ends with a wail that genuine comprehension of Emerson's work might have prevented: "Thus, to-day, while musing as at the beginning over the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, we recognize now, as ever, his imperial genius as one of the greatest of writers; at the

same time, his life-work, as a whole, tested by its supreme ideal, its method, and fruitage, shows also a great waste of power, verifying the saying of Jesus touching the harvest of human life, 'He that gathereth not with Me, scattereth abroad.'" The implication seems to be that the thinker has no place that the Christian can recognize. For those who believe this, the verdict of Father Taylor may be recalled: "He may not go to heaven—I don't know about that—but it's very certain the devil won't know what to do with him if he goes to hell." (Paper, pp. 31, 25 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THERE is especial pleasure in the reception of another novel in the long-established and always-charming "Leisure Hour" series, which has introduced us to some of the best and most characteristic work of both English and foreign authors. The long interval in which no fresh addition had been made hinted at a discontinuance, which we are glad to find is merely delay, and "Called Back," is of sufficiently marked and original a character to serve worthily as a fresh beginning. The author, Hugh Conway, has hit upon the ingenious device of making his blind hero witness to a crime which is committed in his hearing, but the details of which he can guess only by hearing. Restored to sight, he first makes a romantic marriage with a young girl whom he encounters in Turin and afterward in London, and who proves to be mentally deficient—the result of a fearful shock, to the nature of which the experienced novel reader needs no further clue. The mystery works itself out slowly in various well-managed chapters, the final ones holding some excellent description of Russian travel and Siberian convict life. The action drags a little, but interest is strong enough to hold one to the end, in which reason returns to the young wife—every villain is punished, and virtue rewarded in a comfortable, old-fashioned manner, which the realistic school refuses utterly to allow. The story is a story, and not a piece of analysis or morbid dissection of motives, and we are grateful, not only for an unadulterated article, but for the promise of more of the same quality. (16mo, pp. 254, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Vol. III. 16mo, pp. 198, 50 cents; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

MY REMINISCENCE. By Lord Ronald Gower. Two volumes in one. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 361—323, \$2.00; Roberts Bros., Boston.

REFUDIATION. By George Walton Green. Economic Tracts, No. XI., paper, pp. 42, 25 cents; Society for Political Education, New York.

MRS. LINCOLN'S BOSTON COOK-BOOK. What To Do, and What Not To Do in Cooking. By Mrs. D. A. Lincoln. 12mo, pp. 536, \$2.00; Roberts Bros., Boston.

OUR CHANCELLORS. Sketches for a Historical Picture. By Moritz Busch. Translated from the German by William Beatty-Kingston. 2 vols. In 1, 12mo, pp. 407—303.

FORS CLAVIGERA. New Series. Containing LOST JEWELS, DUST OF GOLD, ASHSTIEL, RETROSPECT. By John Ruskin. 12mo, pp. 76, 50 cents; John Wiley & Sons, New York.

QUENTIN DURWARD. By Sir Walter Scott, Edited especially for this Series by Charlotte M. Yonge. Classics for Children. 16mo, pp. 312, 45 cents; Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY. When Shall It Be? Where Shall It Be? What Shall It Be? An Essay by Prof. John W. Burgess. Paper, pp. 22, 15 cents; Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston.

THE RUSKIN BIRTHDAY BOOK. A Selection of Thoughts, Mottoes, and Aphorisms for Every Day in the Year. From the Works of John Ruskin. Collected and Arranged by M. A. B. and G. A. Small. 4to, cloth, \$2.50; John Wiley & Sons, New York.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE'S VERSIFICATION. With Appendix on the Verse Text, and a Short Descriptive Bibliography. By George H. Browne, A.M. Paper, pp. 34, 30 cents; Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston.

GEOLOGY AND MINERAL RESOURCES OF THE JAMES RIVER VALLEY, VIRGINIA, U. S. A. With Map and Geological Sections. By J. L. Campbell, LL.D. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 119, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



The following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published:

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the *number* of the query, and *not* to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.
- 6—The bracketed figures refer to the number of the original question to which the context is an answer.

(Continued from No. 118.)

Questions.

168.—Can you tell me where I may find the author of the following quotation, and if these verses are the whole of the poem, called "Wanted a Soul?" They were published several years ago in a story in some magazine. I am very anxious, indeed, to find out about them:

"I fill to-morrow and yesterday;
I am warm with the suns that have long since set;
I am warm with the summers that are not yet;
I am like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a summer sea.
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour,
Each in each, till core in core,
A single self reposes,
The evermore with the nevermore
Above me mingles and closes."

K. R.

169—(a) Who is Saxe Holme? And (b) who wrote the poem beginning:

"When the song has gone out of your life,
Which you thought would last to the end," etc.

R.

If any reader knows who Saxe Holme is, or was, the information will be gratefully received by an expectant public. Perhaps some one will send the desired authorship.

170—(161)—The verse should read—

"Once in an age a mind appears,
That seems by "will of" heaven ordained
To gather in the thoughts of years,
And show to man what man has gained."

The words "will of" were left out in the question 161. The above was the first verse of "A Welcome to Kossuth," written by my father, Howard Chilton, and published in the *Tribune* and *Times*, I think, in 1852.

F. H. CHILTON.

171—(158)—A gentleman of my acquaintance, 92 years old and a native of Pomfret, Conn., says Putnam was plowing with *oza* when he received the news of the battle of Lexington. There is no doubt but that this is correct, for he is perfectly familiar with all the incidents.

CHAS. E. PRATT.

172—What is the proper spelling of the name of the author of the dictionary recommended in Notes and Queries, No. 143? I find it spelt differently in different places?

Stormonth is correct. The other (Stormunth) is a typographical error.

173.—I should like to send an article or story to THE CONTINENT, but you (the same seems to be the case with the other periodicals) seem to have a large number of regular contributors, and are constantly engaging others of note. Is it not a natural inference that the chances are largely against an unknown and inexperienced writer, even if his work possesses merit? My articles having been generally declined, it seems to me like imposition to continue to forward them for inspection. You would not perhaps suspect it, but I am a clergyman. My advantages have been limited, but I meet with a good degree of success in spite of my deficiencies. If my questions are worth answering at all, I should esteem it a favor if you print the answers only. G.

The market is largely overstocked with would-be authors, and we are in frequent receipt of such inquiries as the above. The fact, however, is that new writers are constantly making their way to popular favor. The only way to do is to keep a list of publications, and when one refuses an article, send it to another. If none of a list of fifty or so will have it, lay the article aside and do not look at it for three years. Meanwhile, if you *must* write, keeping on sending out fresh work on the plan suggested. It may seem that the outlay for return postage is rather heavy, but that appears to be an unavoidable feature of an author's experience. True merit is pretty sure to be recognized sooner or later, but the process is often slow and discouraging.

174—[152]—"On the Shores of Tennessee." The writer of this beautiful song was born in Goshen, Orange Co., N. J., in 1827, and was very popular as a contributor to the *New York Ledger*, *Harper's Weekly*, and other papers, under the pseudonym of Ethel Lynn, to which she added afterwards her married name—Beers. She died in 1879. The old slave-days are recalled with vivid earnestness by her stirring lines. This song or poem of eleven stanzas, eight lines each, may be found in a book which I think is but recently published by F. B. Dickerson & Co., Detroit, Mich., the title of which is "What Can a Woman Do?" the author is Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

S. K. W.

The above is the substance of several answers received to the query.

175—Who has written the most trustworthy account of the Waterloo battle and campaign?

T. L.

Dorsey Gardner's "Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is the best.

176—Who discovered the source of the Nile?

M. K.

If it has been discovered at all, there are several claimants to the honor of discovery. The source of a great river is not an easy thing to determine and locate. No doubt the Nile flows from Lake Victoria Nyanza, but the river is traced hundreds of miles beyond.

177—After whom was the city of Lowell, Mass., named?

R. X.

It was named for Francis Cabot Lowell, who was a leader among its original founders. He migrated from Newburyport, and was the son of Judge John Lowell, of that place. James Russell Lowell is of the same family.

178—I remember a stanza ending with the words, "To light her blue-flamed chandelier." It runs in my head. Can you help me to the rest of it?

H. C.

"The golden-chaliced crocus burns;
The long narcissus' blades appear;
The cone-beaked hyacinth returns
To light her blue-flamed chandelier."

You will find the poem in full in the poetical works of O. W. Holmes.

179—Can you tell me the author of the following :

"Take the bright shell from its home on the sea,
And wherever it goes it will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart from its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved to the ends of the earth."

K. L.

180—Please furnish a short description of Libby Prison—size, location, and the material of its structure, with the date of the escape of 109 Union officers. W. J. KEE, 74th N. Y. V.

Will some survivor of that notable escape favor us with a brief account of his experiences?

181—I enclose two inquiries. I have just finished reading "Helper's Impending Crisis," having found it in an old library here. Slavery was done away with before my remembrance, but I read whatever I can find concerning the "peculiar institution," and I would like to know something about the author of the one in question. If the questions are suitable for the columns of THE CONTINENT, please answer, and oblige yours truly,

F. L. C.

The inquiries were forwarded to Mr. Helper, and brought the following reply, which shows that while issues may be dead, men still live :

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 24, 1864.

Editor of OUR CONTINENT, New York City.

DEAR SIR—Your note of the 18th instant, addressed to me at St. Louis, has been forwarded to me at Washington, with a brace of *ante-bellum* inquiries from one of your correspondents, who signs himself "F. L. C."

Just now I am so very busy with the actual present and the prospective future, that in reality I have not a moment to devote to the dead past. With a vast intercontinental railway project on my hands, I am certainly not in so playful a mood as to engage in the pantomime of fighting over again old and obsolete battles already fought and won.

Yours truly,

HINTON R. HELPER.

182—Is it advisable at this time for a young man to undertake farming as a vocation?

That depends altogether upon the young man. If he be fond of the country, and of farm life, he cannot do better than to stick to farming. Professor Brewer, of Yale College, has recently published a paper on the educational influences of the farm, pointing out that of our twenty-one Presidents not less than fifteen were farmers, or the sons of farmers. "It is not too much to say that up to the present time the men educated in childhood or youth on farms have had the leading part in making this nation what it is, in shaping its political destinies, giving it its intellectual stand, and in developing its material wealth."

In all that relates to the intellectual, social, and political condition of farmers, the history of this country has been exceptional; nowhere else has actual farm work been so respectable. . . . For peace, and the suppression of warlike impulses, as well as for thrift, it is best that as large a portion of the population as possible be at work for themselves rather than for hire.

. . . . Sanitary science makes it possible to check pestilence, and steam transportation makes it possible to carry food half way round the earth. Famines are always local, and formerly each nation, indeed each section, lived more independently of others than now. Telegraph and steam have made distant countries neighbors, and all the world is kin in a way our fathers little dreamed of, and a fruitful year in America may prevent a famine in Europe; while war, that other great curse, is becoming less and less a destroyer. So cities and towns will continue to grow, and will breed a larger and larger proportion of our population; they have their own special facilities for the education of youth, which facilities have been enormously increased and improved within our time, and the relative importance to the nation of town and country population is rapidly changing, both in a political and social sense."

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.

April 29.—Sir Michael Costa died of apoplexy at Brighton, England, aged 74.

[In 1829 he went to England. In 1846 he took the direction of the Philharmonic Orchestra and of the Italian Opera. He conducted the Birmingham Festival in 1849, the Bradford Festival in 1853, and the Leeds Festival in 1874. For over twenty years he conducted the Handel Festivals. He composed the operas "Malek Adhel" and "Don Carlos," and "Eli," an oratorio.]

April 30.—James R. Keene, the noted speculator, suspended payment, and was closed out under the rule at the Exchange. He has lost probably \$4,000,000 all told in his Wall Street operations.—The House Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads unanimously agreed upon a bill "to secure cheaper telegraphic correspondence.—The House of Representatives on Saturday, by a vote of 184 to 13, passed the bill to secure a stricter enforcement of the Anti-Chinese Law.—H. W. Cannon was nominated on Wednesday by the President as Comptroller of the Currency to succeed John J. Knox, resigned.—During April the decrease of the United States public debt was \$5,232,075.—Three dynamite cartridges were found on Wednesday at Toronto under the Parliament buildings, two at the eastern and one at the western end. It is suspected to have been a trick on the part of some one who wanted to be appointed a police officer.

May 1.—The marriage of Princess Victoria of Hesse to Prince Louis of Battenberg took place at Darmstadt. Queen Victoria, the grandmother of the bride, and the Prince and Princess of Wales were present.—The House of Commons rejected, by a vote of 149 to 79, the bill licensing crematories. It was opposed by the Government on the ground of public feeling against cremation.—Lord Randolph Churchill resigned the Chairmanship of the National Conservative Union in London, owing to a violent quarrel with the Marquis of Salisbury over party affairs, creating a sensation in London.

[Lord Churchill is the leader of the Conservative party, but denies that. The misunderstanding referred to implies his withdrawal from the party.]

The *Thetis*, of the Greely relief expedition, sailed from Brooklyn Navy Yard for St. Johns, N. F.—Six of Mr. Roosevelt's New York city reform bills were passed in the State Senate with only two or three opposing votes.—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church began its session in Philadelphia.

May 2.—The City Civil-Service Act, with amendments covering the Police and Fire Departments, and striking out the exemption of soldiers, was passed. An amendment extended the bill to all cities of the State.—Chevalier Henry Wikoff died at Brighton, England, at about 74 years of age.

[He was born at Philadelphia, and was educated at Yale and Union. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, but the following year began a life of travel. He was the friend of Louis Napoleon, of Lord Palmerston, and knew personally almost all the famous men and women of the day. In 1880 he published "Reminiscences of an Idler."]

May 3.—The ex-Empress Anna, widow of Ferdinand I. of Austria, and aunt of the present Emperor, is dead, aged 81. The ex-Empress was the third daughter of King Victor Emmanuel I., of Sardinia.—The election for members of the Spanish Chamber of Deputies resulted in the choice of 334 Conservatives, including 20 Ultramontanes; 42 Liberals, supporters of Señor Sagasta; 35 members of the Dynastic Left; 3 Possibilists, including Señor Castelar; 3 Radicals, and 2 Cuban Autonomists were also chosen.—Mrs. Kilgore, who was refused admission to the bar by the Philadelphia Courts of Common Pleas, Nos. 1 and 2, was admitted by Court No. 4.

The Oriental Bank of London suspended payment.—Forest fires prevailed throughout Northern and Western Pennsylvania, and parts of New York, burning a great deal of valuable timber and several villages, and causing some loss of life.

May 5.—The Ceylon Company (Limited), of London, failed. It owed the Oriental Bank \$2,000,000.

May 6.—The Marine National Bank suspended payment. Its

capital stock was \$400,000. Soon after the suspension was announced of the firm of Ward & Grant, composed of General U. S. Grant and U. S. Grant, Jr., Ferdinand Ward, James D. Fish and W. C. Smith. It is asserted that this firm owed the Marine Bank about \$600,000, loaned on certain securities. In the House of Representatives the long tariff debate ended with speeches by Messrs. Randall (Dem.) and Kasson (Rep.) against the Morrison bill, and Messrs. Blackburn (Dem.) and Morrison (Dem.) in its favor. Mr. Converse (Dem.) then made a motion to strike out the enacting clause. The motion was carried by 156 to 151.—Prof. Samuel D. Gross, M.D., the eminent surgeon and writer on medical topics, died in Philadelphia on Tuesday, aged 79.

[Dr. Gross was for many years professor in the Jefferson Medical College of that city. His body was incinerated in accordance with his known wishes.]

May 7.—Judah P. Benjamin, the distinguished lawyer and ex-member of the Confederate Government, died in Paris, at the age of 72.

[Mr. Benjamin early attained eminence as a lawyer in New Orleans, and, when only forty years of age, was elected to the United States Senate. He withdrew from the Senate in 1861, and became Attorney-General of the Confederacy, and subsequently Secretary of State, which position he held until the downfall of the Confederacy. He escaped to the Bahamas in an open boat, and soon after went to England, where he was admitted to the bar in 1866. A legal treatise on "Sales" attracted attention, and he soon became one of the most distinguished advocates of the English bar. He retired from practice last year, and was honored with a banquet by the bench and bar of England.]

John F. Slater died in Norwich, Conn., on Wednesday, aged about 68.

[As a cotton manufacturer he gained great wealth. In 1892 he gave \$1,000,000 for the education of the negroes of the South. This sum is in charge of a Board of Trustees, of which ex-President Hayes is a member, and the income of it is distributed under their direction to the deserving institutions of the South. The Rev. Atticus G. Haygood is the manager of the fund under the trustees.]

The steamer *Faraday* began to lay the shore end of the Bennett-Mackey cable, in Dover Bay, N. S.—News was received by the steamship *Titanica*, of the steamer *State of Florida*, sunk by collision with the bark *Pomona*, from Chatham, N. B. One hundred and twenty souls went down with the steamer, and twelve with the bark, making the total loss of life 135. Forty-four were saved in boats from the steamer, and twelve from the bark, and these were picked up at sea and brought into port.

May 8.—The coasting steamer *City of Portland*, plying between Portland, Me., and St. John, N. B., struck on Grindstone Ledge, Owl's Head. She had seventy passengers on board, who with the crew, were all rescued by another steamer.

May 9.—Mr. Gladstone was greeted with both hisses and groans at the opening of the Health Exhibition on Thursday, in token of disapprobation of his treatment of Gordon.—The United States Senate passed the House Shipping Bill, amended so as to give the Secretary of the Treasury power to appoint the Shipping Commissioners.—The House of Commons on Thursday, by a vote of 124 to 21, passed the Cattle Disease Bill to a third reading.

May 10.—Messengers who have been carrying letters to Khartum reported at Cairo that they were unable to reach that place. They state that dense masses of Arabs surround Khartum. General Gordon made an attack upon the rebels on the White Nile, between the 13th and 15th of April, and drove them out of their encampments.—The *Alert*, the last of the Greely Relief steamers, sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard for the North.—A statue of Chief Justice Marshall was unveiled in Washington on Saturday. Chief Justice Waite delivered the address.

May 11.—Advices from China received on Sunday say that Captain Fournier, acting on behalf of the French Government, and Li Hung Chang, for China, have signed a treaty, under the provisions of which China recognizes a French protectorate over Tonquin and Anam, with the existing frontiers. The provinces of Quang-Tung, Kuang-Hi and Yunnan will be open to trade with France. No indemnity is to be paid to France. China will at once withdraw her troops from Tonquin. The treaty has been ratified at Peking.

[This must be a humiliating concession on the part of the Chinese government, since it admits a European power within bounds hitherto regarded as sacred. To France it may prove of the highest importance.]

Midhat Pasha, one of the most famous statesmen of the Ottoman Empire, died at Constantinople at the age of 62.

May 12.—In the British House of Commons, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach moved again his motion of May 2, censuring the government for its course in refusing to rescue General Gordon, but it was lost by a vote of 302 to 275.—Charles O'Connor, the distinguished lawyer, died at his residence in Nantucket, Mass., on Monday afternoon.

[A brief estimate of his professional standing was published in No. 121 of THE CONTINENT.]

May 13.—The Senate passed without debate the bill providing that "in recognition of distinguished services rendered to the United States, General U. S. Grant, late General of the Army, be placed on the retired list, with the rank and full pay of General of the Army.—Cyrus H. McCormick, the inventor of the reaper, and one of the richest men in Chicago, died on Tuesday at the age of 75.—Mr. Roosevelt's bill for reforming the Bureau of Elections in this city was defeated in the Assembly on Tuesday by a vote of 58 to 63.—The financial situation was complicated late in the day by a report that the Second National Bank of this city, had lost about \$2,000,000 through the speculations of its President, John C. Eno. The solvency of the bank was, however, speedily assured.

May 14.—The general financial depression, and the failures noted, under May 13, resulted in a panic in Wall Street, such as has not been known in ten years. As soon as the Stock Exchange was opened the announcement of failures began, and culminated in the announcement that the Metropolitan National Bank had suspended, the immediate cause being the demand from the Clearing-house for half a million dollars. Later in the day more failures were announced, and about one o'clock in the afternoon the Atlantic State Bank of Brooklyn, correspondent of the Metropolitan, closed its doors. Secretary Folger gave orders to take up the bonds of the 127th call upon presentation. This had a tendency to relieve the pressure. The Clearing-house in the afternoon unanimously passed a resolution by which the banks in the association united to support each other. The result of this action was to keep large blocks of securities from being forced on the market and sacrificed.

May 15.—On the opening of the Stock Exchange a few failures were announced, but no others followed, and the announcement was made that the Metropolitan Bank would resume at noon, a special committee of the Clearing-house having recommended that association to advance the amount required to effect the resumption. The quiet feeling engendered by this announcement was rudely broken in the afternoon by the suspension of Fisk & Hatch.—At the Methodist General Conference in Philadelphia four bishops were elected, as follows: The Rev. Dr. W. X. Ninde, of the Detroit Conference, President of the Garrett Biblical Institute; the Rev. Dr. J. M. Walden, of the Western Book Concern, Cincinnati; the Rev. Dr. Willard F. Mallaleu, and Dr. C. H. Fowler.—The Presbyterian General Assembly (North) began its annual session at Saratoga on Thursday, with a large attendance of delegates.

May 16.—The morning fluctuations of the stock market were alarming, but only one failure was announced. By one o'clock the market was firm again, and the fear of a panic was dispelled.

May 19.—Emperor William accepted the resignation of Prince Bismarck from the Presidency of the Prussian Cabinet, and appointed as his successor Herr von Boetticher, the Prussian Minister of State and Imperial Minister of the Interior.—Mr. Sam Ward died at Pegli, Italy, in his 71st year.

[Mr. Ward has, for many years, been the recognized leader of lobbyists at Washington. He was born in this city of a wealthy family, and led a somewhat wandering life. He was the friend of literary men, statesmen, and artists, and was the author of a volume of poems. Julia Ward Howe is his sister, and F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, his nephew.]

Two hundred rebels bombarded Suakim, Egypt, for one hour. Two inhabitants were wounded, and the rebels succeeded in stealing 1,000 sheep. The British troops landed at the town and the rebels were forced to retire.

May 22.—Ferdinand Ward, of the bankrupt firm of Ward & Grant, was arrested and lodged in jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

THE CONTINENT, *New York*:

SIR—If you would like to use the cut, of which I enclose a proof in the "Lighter Vein" page, I can send an "electro" of it. It was made for the *Forked Deer Blade*.
Respectfully,



We print this engraving with pleasure as an acceptable contribution to this page. There is no nobler theme for the pencil and the graver than the peaceful scenes of simple out-door life. Purity of sentiment and earnestness of purpose are better than mere excellence of technique.

Misplaced.

O VIOLET, blue tenderness!
O sweet, poetic, hooded
Small Venus—nothing, nothing less—
Of great cool regions wooded;
O pretty, modest flower, I love
To hold thee and to shyly shove
Thee under Doris's dainty nose,
Thy breath for her to relish
Till smilingly each dimple grows,
Her pink cheeks to embellish,
How lost thou art, how faint thy smell,
How sad must be thy mood,
Close pinioned there on the lapel
Of a slender, slim young dude.

EDW'D WICKER, in *Puck*.

A CINCINNATI dealer in clothing was standing on the depot platform at Hamilton, a few mornings ago, when the north bound train came in. A passenger whom he knew had his head out of a coach window, and was asked the news.

"Fire in the city last night," he replied.

"Vhas dot so? Who vhas burned outd?"

"Why, the fire was in your store."

"No!"

"So I heard 'em saying, and also that it was set on fire."

"My frendt," remarked the clothier, as he brushed the ashes of his cigar, "dot vhas ompossible. My shtock vhas valued at \$9,000 and my insurance vhas only seven thousand! Dot fire must have been a mile away!"—*Wall Street News*.

"Did you see this shooting?" asked his Honor.

"Yes, sir; I did."

"Well, how was it?"

"Well, Judge, this gentleman and I were going along, and the young man who was shot was whistling 'Sweet Violets,' when, suddenly remembering himself, he ex-

claimed, 'Shoot me!' And my friend, being a very obliging person, shot him."

"And you are sure the man was whistling 'Sweet Violets' at the time?"

"Yes, Judge."

"The prisoner is discharged."—*Kentucky State Journal*.

A LITTLE boy sat on the floor playing. Suddenly he set up a howl.

"Henry, what is the matter?" asked his mother.

"The cat scratched me."

"Why the cat is not here. When did she scratch you?"

"Yesterday."

"Well, why are you crying now?"

"Cause I forgot it then."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

LONG-LOST husbands are turning up this summer with more than their usual frequency. The curious thing about the majority of them is that they expect to find their wives just as they left them and pining for their return. There is nothing quite so unreasonable as a long-lost husband.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Two Pairs.

A PAIR of brown eyes—no matter where,
In quiet street or crowded thoroughfare—
Call up the image of your face to me.
All others vanish, only you I see;
Above the din of trade your voice I hear,
And merry laughter, ringing sweet and clear,
That fades into a smile away:
Thus are you with me, everywhere and every day.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

Brown eyes? Oh, no; another hue
Now lures my errant fancy;
Those melting orbs are heavenly blue,
Which with their light entrance me.
She must say Yee—I love her so,
I wonder why I've tarried?
Too long I grieve. Three months ago
The brown-eyed girl was married.

DROCH from *Life*.

At the Door.

I THOUGHT myself indeed secure—
So fast the door, so firm the lock—
But lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
If my heart were stone, could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside th' unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?
And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead
"Tis I, O Father! only I."

—*Chicago Current*.

Soon the seashore and the mountains
Will attract the blushing maid,
And the urban soda fountains
Will languish in the shade.

Yet the very biggest pleasure
Of which she ever dreams,
Is to occupy her leisure
With strawberry ice-creams.—*Boston Post*.

